The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886.

The Week.

THE Washington *Star* makes the suggestion that if the national banks are willing to let their called bonds lie in the Treasury uncancelled and not drawing interest, nobody, not even the most excited Greenbacker, can object to that arrangement or deny them that privilege. Quite true, but meanwhile what is to be done with the money collected at the custom-houses and the tax offices to pay off the bonds? Can this be allowed to accumulate to any extent while the banks are making up their minds what they will do? We must either disburse the money or reduce the taxes. The latter expedient has not been much talked about, and is looked upon with absolute dismay by the high-tariff people. At the rate that money is coming into the Treasury, we shall need a surplus resolution soon of a very different kind from that of the last session—a resolution not for paying out money, but to prevent it from coming in. It is probable that all the outstanding bonds redeemable at call will be paid off before the end of the year 1887. What is to be done with the surplus in the interval until 1891?

Mr. Hewitt talks in a very despondent tone about the prospects for sensible legislation on the tariff. He says in a *Tribune* interview that he does not know whether he will consent to be a candidate for reëlection to Congress or not, and then adds this statement of the failure of one of his efforts to secure useful legislation last winter:

"Finding it to be impossible to secure action upon any bill which undertook to regulate duties, I finally prepared a measure dealing simply with the administration of the customs laws. This bill was unanimously approved by the Committee of Ways and Means, but Mr. Morrison, the Chairman, insisted upon attaching it to his bill involving a change of duties, and Mr. Randall did precisely the same thing in his bill. The result was that it never reached the House and never had consideration as a separate measure. I was powerless to secure such action; but I think that the Speaker might, if he had been so disposed, have done much to insure action. He is a man of eminent intelligence and judicial fairness, but he seems averse to taking a positive part in shaping legislation. So far as I am concerned, I had to confess that I lacked the influence and energy necessary to force action upon a measure which all parties agreed ought to have passed."

That is a perfectly true picture of the way in which not only tariff but much other really desirable legislation is defeated at Washington. Still, we trust that Mr. Hewitt will consent to make at least one more trial before he abandons the fight. There are many evidences that the Democratic members of Congress will reassemble in December with more enlightened views upon public questions than they had when they adjourned.

The nomination of a pronounced anti-protectionist for Congressman by the Republicans of the Detroit district is a notable evidence of the growth of sound ideas regarding tariff reform in the West. Four Republican Congressmen from Minnesota took their stand on the right side when the question of considering the Morrison bill came up in the House at the last session, and it required the exercise of all the power of party discipline to restrain several other Republican members from following the example and voting in accordance with their convictions. That the Minnesota Congressmen correctly represented the sentiments of their constituents, is demonstrated by the fact that either they have been renominated upon their revenue-reform record, or candidates have been nominated in their places who stand upon the same platform. The choice of a Republican of the same school as the candidate in the chief city of Michigan is a proof that the leaven is working in other States.

The protection organs tried for a while to comfort themselves for the independence of the Minnesota Congressmen with the theory that these Representatives misrepresented their constituents; that, as Mr. Blaine put it in his speech, "these exceptional votes were adverse to the wishes of a large majority of those who elected the dissenting members." But it is no longer possible to impose upon anybody with this assumption. The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, the leading Republican newspaper of the State, recently published an editorial reviewing the situation in each of the districts, which showed that "it is within the bounds of certainty and truth to affirm as indisputable, not only that a vote for tariff reduction has not tended to the defeat of any man in this State, but that these votes, commended as they were by the Republican voters of the four districts concerned, were the principal foundation of such popular strength as those to whom they were credited possessed among their constituency." Since this article was published the Republican State Convention has been held, and has shown that the *Pioneer-Press* told the exact truth. The Convention, which was the largest ever held in the State, adopted this plain-spoken resolution:

"The producers of the great Northwest demand a lower rate of taxation upon the necessaries of life than that of the war period. We favor, therefore, as a just and necessary lightening of their burdens and an aid to their prosperity, an early and judicious revision of the tariff, with a simplification and reduction of customs duties."

Nor did it stop here. As a reply to charges like that made by Mr. Blaine, it adopted amid hearty applause the following additional resolution:

"That this Convention approves of the action of the majority of the Minnesota delegation in the House of Representatives of the United States, in voting to consider the bill for the revision of the tariff.

A singular thing has happened in Missouri. The Republicans in Mr. Bland's district have nominated L. F. Parker of Rolla for Congress and adopted an anti-silver platform. They say flatly, "We are opposed to the present further coinage of depreciated silver dollars." Then they express their opinion of Mr. Bland as an individual and a representative in Congress in these words:

"Resolved, That we denounce the Democratic party of this district for continuing in Congress a man who, while having drawn over $70,000 from the Treasury, and while pretending to be the friend of the farmer and laboring man, has spent his time in advancing the interests of the bonanza silver kings, to the utter neglect of industries important to this district, and we invite the coöperation of all who have the best interests of the district at heart to aid in his defeat."

Bland's majority two years ago was 2,700. It is hardly to be expected that this will be overcome, but the Republicans of the district have deserved success by the boldness of their attack upon the very citadel of the Bland bill.

It turns out that the fishery treaty telegraphed from Ottawa the other day was a pure fabrication, having been made "out of whole cloth." The inventor of this sensation took the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and added to it what he supposed would be added to a new treaty if one should be made, and then sold it to the newspapers. The truth is, that the fishery dispute is not yet ripe for a treaty. Public opinion is not yet settled as to the points that should be embraced in it. The fishermen have made a great many claims and demands, some of which are supposed to be founded upon law and others upon patriotism and protection to American labor. It would be interesting to know how far these are well founded. It was stated in a telegram from Halifax the other day that the entire crew of one of the American fishing vessels seized for infraction of the law were Nova Scotians, shipped at their own homes and employed simply because they would work for less pay than American fishermen. It is claimed that the fisheries are the nursery of American seamen, and that they train a hardy and adventurous race to defend the flag on the ocean in time of war. But if the fact is that three-fourths of these hardy men are the subjects of her Britannic Majesty, the question may be asked how we are benefited, and how our fighting strength is augmented by the training they get on board our fishing vessels. It is also affirmed that these fish-boat owners who are so zealous for protection to American industry, buy their coal principally at Pictou, and, in fact, purchase all their supplies of every kind in Canadian ports, so far as the Dominion authorities will allow the natives to sell. In short, the insinuation is made in many quarters that the fishermen are "on the make" just like other people; that they buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, just like ordinary British free-traders.

Among the objectors to any treaty of reciprocity we expect to find Judge Woodbury of Boston, because he was employed by the fishermen to go to Washington for them. We note his opposition only to mark the discovery of a new objection to free trade in anything. Because the Canadians have long and hard winters, says Mr. Woodbury in a *Herald* interview, it would be impossible to trade with them on equal terms, because, you see, they are shut up in their houses seven months in the year with nothing to do. They can put in this spare time making shoes, and thus undersell us in our own market. The insertion of boots and shoes in the free list of the supposed new treaty is, therefore, an insidious

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attack upon American industry. "The whole thing is ridiculous," he adds. So it seems to us, for if the Canadians had no summer at all, but were shut up in their houses twelve months in the year, nobody could compete with them in any indoor occupation. The whole world would be flooded with the products of sedentary life, and nobody could earn a living without the highest kind of a tariff and the most rigid custom-house regulations.

The quarterly statement of the Union Pacific Railway for September 15 has a table showing the operation of the Thurman Sinking Fund Act for three-quarters of the present year. In 1884 the company paid $527,175 for three per cent. bonds upon the requirement of the Government. Two years later the Government called in the bonds, and compelled the company to relinquish this purchase for $510,000, at a loss of $17,175. This $510,000, with an additional sum from the surplus, was invested in 4 per cents to the amount of $671,000 at 25½ per cent. premium, making the whole amount cost $842,180, upon which interest to the amount of $26,840 is received annually. If the same amount were invested in the company's first-mortgage bonds, it would yield $45,000 interest, and would protect the Government as perfectly, since the Treasury would hold securities paramount to its own lien on the property. It has always been a mystery why the Union Pacific Company was required to buy United States bonds with the sinking-fund money, when a much more advantageous investment to itself could have been made with equal advantage to the Government.

The Charter Oak Life Insurance Company appears to be a remarkable collection of men. They reorganized their company eight years ago, and put its affairs absolutely in charge of the President, Mr. Bartholomew. They required no report from him whatever. A fortnight ago Mr. Bartholomew told the Secretary of the company that he was "short" $105,000 in the company's cash. The Secretary consulted the attorneys of the company about it, and the attorneys told the Secretary that the directors must be informed of the fact. Before telling the directors, the attorneys and the Secretary allowed the President two days in which to make good the deficiency. On Saturday week the directors held a meeting, and, the President having failed to make up the shortage, and knowing that the Secretary would not keep back the information any longer, made a confession to the directors that he had stolen $105,000 of the company's funds. The directors were "staggered," and some of them took the bold ground that the President's resignation should be demanded. They concluded, however, to let the matter rest till Monday. When they met on Monday they found two notes, one for $12,000 and the other for $10,000, the proceeds of which the President had also stolen. This "staggered" them some more, and they at once sent for Mr. Bartholomew and demanded his resignation. He gave it to them, and then left town for New York, without any effort being made on their part to have him arrested, and is now in Canada. The directors, on advice of their counsel, have applied to the courts for the appointment of a receiver for the company, but they are still too much "staggered" to make any efforts to have the thieving President arrested.

The Treasurer of the Florida Construction Company is inclined to take what the Hartford *Courant* calls a "philosophical" view of the loss which his company has sustained through the defalcation and flight of the President of the Charter Oak Insurance Company. The total loss, he says, will not exceed $40,000, and "the valuable services which Mr. Bartholomew rendered to the Florida Company in the past more than balances the present loss. I am willing to set the one off against the other." That is an easy moral view to take of the matter, but it would be an unfortunate thing for business affairs if the view were to become a common one among presidents and other officers of responsibility in insurance and other organizations. If it were to become an understood thing that every such officer who had rendered valuable service in the past, should be permitted to help himself to the company's funds without danger of punishment of any kind, we imagine that the investing public would be very shy of putting its money where he could get at it.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* having called the Massachusetts State Board of Arbitration to account for its failure to take action in some of the labor disputes now going on, Mr. Weston Lewis, the Chairman of the Board, has been moved to say that he and his colleagues would be happy to act upon any cases brought before them; but that, not being invested with tyrannical powers, they have no authority to drag the Knights of Labor and their antagonist employers before them and "sit on them" without their consent. Mr. Lewis said "that he had received assurances from many manufacturers that they were in sympathy with the principle of arbitration, and wished the Board success in the field for which it was created, and he had yet to hear from a manufacturer who did not express confidence in arbitration as a means of settling differences between employers and their workmen. On the other hand, the Knights of Labor demanded an arbitration law. "They did not ask for it," said Mr. Lewis; they *demanded* it. "They have got it. Why have they not availed themselves of it? It is not for me to suggest reasons why they do not, *though it is natural that the officers of the organization should be slow to allow any power they possess to pass out of their hands.* However, the fact exists that they do not avail themselves of the law which they demanded as a right and a necessity." Mr. Lewis's diagnosis of the malady at Peabody, where a riot took place last week, and a man was shot, is the correct one. If the Peabody tanners had called for an arbitration under the law, the employers would not have dared to refuse it, but what would have become of the Walking Delegate? Who would have cared anything about him? His puffy importance would have evaporated on the threshold of the board-room.

There are two leading foreign Socialists here now, Herr Liebknecht, the German and Mr. Aveling, the Englishman, and they have been talking a good deal, but neither of them gives the least sign of revealing what s really the great secret of Socialism, namely, who is to manage the great Socialistic organization when it is set up—that is, keep the books and accounts, get from every man what he owes, give every man his due, prevent waste, assign work, divide products, and, in fact, as the phrase is, "run the concern." The number of men who can do such little jobs of administration under the present régime as managing a railroad or a great store, or commanding an army division, is very small, and they get enormous salaries. But where are we to find people to take charge of the huge industries which the Socialists have in contemplation? The only good reason we can think of for concealing them is, that if they were known the capitalists would snap them up at any price.

The political campaign in Tennessee is a rather touching episode. The Taylor brothers, one the Republican and the other the Democratic candidate for Governor, are making a joint canvass of the State. "Bob," the Democrat, introduces "Alf," the Republican, as a true knight and a Christian gentleman, for whom he has such personal regard and affection that he would immediately sacrifice life, property, and everything except principle, to promote his interests. "Alf" returns these compliments, and wishes "Bob" every success in this world except political success, and then they fall to the discussion of national and State concerns. It is to be hoped that this ideal state of affairs may continue to the end of the tournament. Indeed, it is something of a pity that they cannot both be elected, like a pair of joint Cæsars in the golden days of Rome. It has been reported that Mr. Blaine would go to Tennessee and make a few speeches for "Alf" before the close of the campaign. If he does so, he must perceive the necessity of leaving the "bloody shirt" in Maine. They have no use for that garment in Tennessee.

The composite character of the population in the newer States of the West is strikingly illustrated by the biographies of the candidates for State offices nominated by the Republicans of Minnesota last week, which may be thus briefly summarized: Governor, native of Pennsylvania, removed to Minnesota in 1861; Lieutenant-Governor, native of Norway, came to America when thirteen years old, and settled in Wisconsin, removed to Minnesota in 1865; Secretary of State, native of Sweden, came to America when nineteen years old, settled in the East, and removed to Minnesota in 1853; Auditor, native of Ohio, removed to Minnesota in 1854; Treasurer, native of Austria, came to this country when twelve years old and settled in Minnesota in 1858; Attorney-General, native of Indiana, settled in Wisconsin in 1873, removed to Minnesota in 1881; judges of Supreme Court, two natives of New York and the third of Canada; Clerk of the Supreme Court, a native of Pennsylvania. The disposition to select young men for office is also shown by this ticket, the oldest candidate be-

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ing but fifty-seven years of age, while the youngest is only thirty-five.

The doctrinal quarrel in the Congregational Church, known as the Andover controversy, will soon be brought to short range in the annual meeting of the Commissioners of Foreign Missions in Des Moines, Iowa. The discussion having reached a point where material interests are affected by it, it is felt by the leading spirits and cooler heads among the Congregationalists that a settlement should be speedily had. The missionary work of the Church has been the first interest to feel the malign effect of the controversy. This is natural enough from the nature of the dispute, for the whole trouble has risen over an attempt on the part of certain members of the Congregational clergy to overturn the doctrine, that those who have never known the teachings of Christ are as badly off after death as those who, having known them here, neglected or refused to order their lives in accordance with them. The new doctrine, as we understand it, is to the effect that there is after death a probationary existence during which all who have not in life been made acquainted with Christ's atonement may receive the benefit of it. If this is a correct statement as far as it goes of the new doctrine, it can readily be seen how it might affect the missionary work of the Church. It might be said as an excuse for not contributing to the work of converting the heathen, that it is useless to spend money and labor on a work that can and will be done hereafter. That is, it can be said that when the heathen reach the probationary state, as set up by the new Congregational doctrine, it will be time enough to convert them from the darkness of their ways. Whether this let-alone policy has already taken root, or whether the protracted controversy has diverted attention from missionary work, it is claimed that zeal for missionary labor has grown greatly less, that contributions have fallen off, and that some agreement should be reached as early as possible if the field which the Congregationalists have occupied among foreign missions is to be retained by them.

The first page of our enterprising contemporary the *Sun* on Tuesday was an interesting picture of American society. The first column was devoted to the trial of a minister for immorality, to differences between a man and his wife, to a rape in a vacant lot, and to a suicide. The second was half given to a fire and the death of a blind newsdealer, the other half to politics. The third was given up to foreign news and politics, but half the fourth was taken up with murder in a buggy and the escape of two convicts. The fifth was wholly devoted to a very paying scandal about Lord Lonsdale and Miss Violet Cameron, and a small item about another Lonsdale and twenty-four chorus girls. In the remaining two, we find the disappearance of one Sniffen, a divorce, two pugilistic items, half a column of the horsewhipping of a reporter by a girl, the discovery of her lover in jail by Miss Miller, the arrest of a small swindler, and a few other trifles. As a microcosm the page is not often surpassed, and must interest foreign students of American manners.

A newspaper reporter in Jersey City has been horsewhipped twice within a brief space of time for writing scurrilous matter for his editor to publish. The second whipping was inflicted by a woman in the room of the Board of Public Works, where the reporter was plying his vocation. A number of ardent sympathizers with the woman were present encouraging the assault. They were all of the opinion, apparently, that the editor had no responsibility in the premises, and that he was powerless to prevent the publication of any piece of blackguardism that the reporter might bring to him. Equally it seems to have been agreed among them that if this reporter could be flogged and jeered and humiliated sufficiently to make him desist from his bad ways, the writing of neighborhood gossip in Jersey City would cease, whereas the poor devil would be discharged and another employed in his place with a particular view to his scent for the same kind of tittle-tattle and his skill in "working it up," that is, lacerating the nerves of his victims. Horsewhipping the reporter as a corrective of "journalism" is as illogical as horsewhipping the proof-reader, the type-setter, or the newsboy.

Ever since the *Times* fitted out an expedition for the exploration of Alaska, we felt sure it would cause trouble in journalistic circles. That our fears were well founded is proved by the controversy now raging between it and the *Sun* over the alleged discoveries made by its correspondents. The *Times* announces that, although it has not, as proposed, succeeded in ascending Mount St. Elias, it has discovered one (1) great river, one (1) lake, and three (3) large glaciers; but the river is unfortunately not only shallow, but "loaded with mud," and "its muddy waters discolor all the water of Icy Bay for many miles out to sea." It was not judicious for the leader of the expedition to call a river of this kind "the Jones River," after Mr. George Jones, the editor of the *Times*, for it of course furnished materials for fun to his envious and carping journalistic rivals, who were watching his expedition with greedy and cruel eyes. The *Sun* accordingly makes two propositions, which it defends in its accustomed style: First, that if the expedition has discovered such a river, the name given to it, "the Jones River," owing to the character of its waters, is singularly appropriate; secondly, that there is such a river, but it was discovered twenty years ago by Mr. W. H. Dall and marked in his map. To which the *Times* replies that the mark in Dall's map was that of a "purely hypothetical river"— that is, we suppose, of a river which, it seemed to him, it would have been well to place just about there. It supports this view with the observation that in the columns of the *Sun* "the calculated malice of splenetic age has been succeeded by the extempore lying of bumptious youth"—a state of things which, if accurately described, everybody, in and out of journalistic circles, will deeply deplore. When such differences as this occur on the discovery of the very first river and lake, one asks with a shudder, Where shall we be when the *Times* has filled up its map with other geographical finds?

The Congregation of the Inquisition at Rome has just issued a decree that has created a great sensation in Belgium, forbidding Catholic judges to grant divorces to Catholic suitors. There has been a divorce law in force in Belgium since 1803, and it has been administered under six different Popes without interference. Moreover, Leo XIII. passed three years at Brussels as Papal Nuncio, and witnessed its operation. His allowing the issue of this decree by the Inquisition is, therefore, looked on now as signifying in some degree the triumph of the Jesuit reactionists at the Vatican, and it promises a renewal of the bitter war between the Liberals and the clergy in Belgium. It probably means that the declining health of the Pope creates increased difficulty in resisting what our Presidents know so much about—"pressure." The pressure of the reactionists is constant, while the power of resistance varies greatly in different men and at different periods of life.

The persons whom the decree will most perplex, however, are the Catholic judges. They have sworn already to administer the law, and have been administering it without scruple or hindrance from ecclesiastical authorities. They must administer it still or resign. It will be interesting to see how many will do so; that is, how many will risk eternal damnation in order to keep their places. It seems rather hard on them, too, to be singled out for restrictions which are not imposed on their French, or English, or American brethren. The English or American judges could escape by leaving divorce cases to the Protestant brethren, but in Belgium the judges are all Catholic and generally pious.

The social troubles of Belgium are, however, far more serious than the religious troubles, because they apparently admit of no solution. The Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Government after the late labor riots have finished their investigation, but they have reached no conclusion of much value. The truth is, that a large number of Belgium industries have ceased wholly to be profitable, and the wages against which the workingmen struck and began rioting were in many cases all that the enterprises would allow, although no profits whatever were made by the owners. Some of those against which the fury of the laborers was greatest had not paid a dividend for several years. All this simply shows that the trouble in Belgium is one to which there is a constant tendency in every manufacturing country, namely, the increase of laborers beyond the limits of comfortable subsistence at particular points. As long as this limit is some distance off, there are no labor troubles at all. As soon as the mass of population begins to get near it, the "labor question" makes its appearance, and with it the labor doctors and agitators, and the owners of savings begin to "catch it" in all the "halls." Of course masses of ignorant men reach this limit much sooner than intelligent men, but they all reach it sooner or later, if they do not look ahead.

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SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, September 22, to TUESDAY, September 28, 1886, inclusive.

DOMESTIC.

THE President will not issue invitations on behalf of this Government to French citizens, asking their attendance at the inaugural ceremonies of the Statue of Liberty to take place in New York in October. The invitations to citizens of France will be extended in the name and by the direction of the American Committee, under whose control the pedestal has been erected and the statue placed in position. These invitations will be presented in France through United States Minister McLane. The President will give the American Committee all the aid possible to make the inauguration impressive and successful, but will keep within the law upon the subject as passed by Congress, which makes no mention of invitations to any one.

There is now little doubt that it is the purpose of Secretary Manning to return soon to Washington, and to attempt, for a time at least, to resume his duties at the Treasury Department. This attempt will be experimental. Some of the Treasury officers are of opinion that Mr. Manning does not expect to remain in office longer than will be necessary to finish the next annual report, while some fix the date of his retirement as early as the week after the fall elections.

The Treasury Department is using every effort to secure a speedy distribution of the new silver certificates, and to that end orders have been issued for the force employed on that work at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to work extra hours at night, until a supply of the small notes is secured sufficient to meet the present heavy demand. The one-dollar certificates will be ready for distribution by the first of October, the twos about three weeks later, and the fives about the middle of November.

Fifteen million dollars of 3 per cent. bonds were called on Monday afternoon, interest to cease on November 1.

Chief-Justice McDonald of Halifax has decided that a commission may examine the crew of the *David J. Adams* in the United States, but the captain must give his testimony before the Admiralty Court in person.

The draft of an elaborate treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which, it was alleged, had been made at the British Foreign Office, and submitted to the Canadian Cabinet, was published in this country on Friday. It provides for a free interchange of fishing privileges within the three-mile limit of Canadian waters and United States waters above thirty-eight degrees latitude. Free navigation of the St. Lawrence and all canals in Canada is to be granted to American vessels in exchange for the free navigation of Lake Michigan. A long list of articles, to be admitted free of duty into either country from the other, is designated. The treaty is for twenty years, terminable after that on one year's notice by either contracting party. It has turned out to be a hoax. Initiatory steps have been taken in Ottawa looking to the prosecution of the parties who invented it. Their offence is indictable.

Commissioner of Pensions Black has filed with the Secretary of the Interior his report of the operations of the Pension Bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886. From the report it appears that on June 30 last there were 365,783 pensioners on the rolls, composed of 265,854 army invalids, 80,162 army widows, minor children, and dependent relatives, 2,953 navy invalids, 1,877 navy widows, minor children, etc., 1,539 survivors of the war of 1812, showing a loss during the year of 1,406 of this class. There were 13,397 widows of soldiers of the war of 1812, showing a loss during the year in this class of 3,815. The annual average value of each pension was $122.23, a gain of $11.88 over the average value of the preceding year. The aggregate annual value was $44,708,027.44, being an increase in annual value of $6 617,041.51. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $63,797,831.61, the difference in the amount paid and the annual value representing the accrued and the arrearage pensions paid during the year.

The new Public Printer, Mr. Benedict, on Saturday dismissed the entire night force in the press-room, 80 employees in the bindery, and 6 clerks, making about 150 all told. Each employee dropped was informed by circular or letter of the reasons of dismissal in the following language: "On account of the insufficiency of the appropriation to meet the expenses of this office up to December 31 next, upon the scale of expenditure required by the present force, and believing that I can dispense with your services without serious interruption to the necessary work in hand, you are hereby informed that your services will not be required in your present positions after this date. The cashier will pay you any balance due on account of your salary at your convenience." It was complained by those of Democratic sympathies that the discharges affected almost altogether persons of that political faith. Mr. Benedict, the Public Printer, when asked as to this, said he knew nothing whatever of the politics of those discharged, and of course no such question as that was considered in the matter. He said the discharges were made not only because the force was much greater than the needs of the office demanded, but because of the meagre balance of appropriations yet unexpended. Although Mr. Benedict, since his incumbency, has had hundreds of applications for places, he has not yet made a single appointment or promotion.

The Minnesota Republicans on Wednesday nominated Andrew R. McGill for Governor. He is forty-six years of age and has been Insurance Commissioner for a number of terms. A. E. Rice was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform favors a revision of the tariff so that taxation on the necessaries of life may be reduced, and is strong for civil-service reform.

The Prohibition State Committee of New York met at Albany on Friday and nominated ex-Judge William J. Groo of Orange County for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and decided to run candidates for Supervisors in all the towns of the State next spring, and to run full county and city tickets at all spring elections.

The workingmen's political convention in this city on Thursday evening was attended by 409 delegates from trade and labor unions. A motion to nominate Henry George for Mayor was received with great applause, and a ballot to select the candidate resulted in 360 votes for Mr. George, 31 for James J. Coogan, and 18 for W. S. Thorn. An executive committee was appointed to take charge of Mr. George's canvass, and it was decided to hold a ratification meeting in Cooper Union on October 5.

The Chicago (Cook County) Labor Convention on Saturday split into two sections, composed of Socialists and anti-Socialists. Nominations were made by the main body (Socialist) on Monday evening.

The Democratic State Convention of Connecticut met on Tuesday. The platform contained the following endorsement of the President: "In the election of 1884 the people demanded a change of administration and cleaner methods in the various departments of the Government, and President Cleveland is bringing the Executive Department back to constitutional principles, economy, and honest service. We will render to him our united support in carrying out his policy of conducting a pure administration in the offices of public trust, in the economy which he requires, and the principles which he has enunciated as the safeguards of the public welfare." It approves of the National Democratic platform of 1884, including the demand for a revision of the revenue laws. Edward Spicer Cleveland was nominated for Governor on the first ballot. The ticket was then completed.

The New Jersey Democrats on Tuesday nominated Robert S. Green for Governor. President Cleveland's administration was endorsed.

George M. Bartholomew, President of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., is a defaulter in the sum of $127,000. Since the reorganization of the Charter Oak, in April, 1878, Mr. Bartholomew has had sole charge of the affairs of the company, never being obliged to make any report to the Directors. A receiver for the company has been appointed.

Col. Charles Gordon Greene, formerly editor of the Boston *Post*, died in that city on Monday, at the age of eighty-two.

John Esten Cooke, the Virginia author, died suddenly of typhoid fever on Monday at his home, "The Briars," near Boyce, Va. He was born in Winchester in 1830, his father being a lawyer of distinction and his mother one of the Virginia Pendletons. His grandmother was a daughter of Gov. John Esten of Bermuda. Mr. Cooke practised law for about four years, and then abandoned it for literature. He served throughout the war in the Confederate Army, and was on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. His experiences have been worked into many of his literary volumes. All of them treat of the history, traditions, and romance of Virginia His novels are faithful portraitures of old Virginia customs and domestic life. Some of them, like his quaint tale of 'Pokahontas,' mingle history and romance. He was a constant contributor to the leading magazines. In the "American Commonwealth Series" he wrote the history of 'Virginia,' which has been adopted in the public schools of that State. Among his works in book form are: 'Leather Stocking and Silk' (1854), 'The Virginia Comedians' (1854), 'The Youth of Jefferson' (1854), 'Henry St. John, Gentleman' (1859), 'A Life of Stonewall Jackson' (1863), 'Wearing of the Gray' (1867), 'Hilt to Hilt' (1869), 'Fairfax' (1869), 'The Heir of Gaymount' (1870), 'A Life of Gen. R. E. Lee' (1871), 'Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and Other Stories' (1874), 'Canolles' (1877), 'Mr. Grantley's Idea' (1879), 'Stories of the Old Dominion' (1879), 'Virginia Bohemians' (1879), and several recent novels.

FOREIGN.

M. Stambuloff, President of the Regency, is negotiating with M. Zankoff, the leader of the Russian party in Bulgaria, with a view to arranging for a cessation of internal strife. M. Zankoff promises to recognize the Regency on condition that some of the foreign portfolios are allotted to the Zankoff party. Semi-official journals in Athens, commenting on the statement that Lord Iddesleigh has been endeavoring to bring about a *rapprochement* between Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey, say that his efforts are too late. The breach between those States, they say, has become so wide that no diplomatic skill can close it.

Gen. Kaulbars, the Russian agent, in thanking M. Zankoff and his friends for their kindly welcome to Sofia, asked them to announce throughout the country that the Czar would give protection to Bulgaria on condition that full confidence be placed in him. The ills of Bulgaria, Gen. Kaulbars said, arose from dissension between the different parties, and it was, therefore, necessary to release the political prisoners, to raise the state of siege, and to allow all parties to vote freely and independently in the Great Sobranye. Gen. Kaulbars intimated that unless Russia's demands were obeyed he would leave Bulgaria, and the occupation of the country would follow. The credentials of Gen. Kaulbars are addressed simply to "Monsieur Natchevitz," as an indication that Russia does not recognize the Bulgarian Government.

It is stated that the Russian ultimatum of which Gen. Kaulbars is the bearer to Sofia demands, besides the raising of the state of siege in Bulgaria and the liberation of political prisoners, the indefinite postponement of

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the elections for members of the National Assembly. However, there are no signs of flinching on the part of the Regency. The Government has been informed that a hostile demonstration at the Russian agency in Sofia against Gen. Kaulbars will furnish an excuse for Russian interference.

Premier Kálnoky of Austria wishes to resign. The Emperor expresses continued confidence in him and declines to accept his resignation.

In the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies on Thursday, Count Apponyi interpellated the Government concerning the attitude of Austro-Hungary on the Bulgarian question. He declared that Austrian interests did not admit of any one-sided extension of the influence of any particular Power in the Balkans, and said he wished to know whether Austrian interests permitted Russia, through a special commissioner (Gen. Kaulbars), to interfere in the internal, or even in the judicial, affairs of Bulgaria. Count Kálnoky will go to Pesth to prepare the budget for the Delegations and to confer with Premier Tisza in regard to Hungarian interpellations on the Balkan question. It is reported that in deference to Hungarian opinion Prince Bismarck is modifying his attitude towards Russia.

There is grave trouble in Egypt, and apprehensions of still more serious difficulties. Blue-books just published reveal utter confusion in the financial affairs of that country. France is giving serious anxiety, as her hand appears to be supported by Germany and Russia. M. de Freycinet's object is to loosen British hold on Egypt by creating trouble in the New Hebrides. It is possible that a joint note will be presented by Germany, France, and Russia, demanding that a definite term be put to the British occupation of Egypt.

Nubar Pasha and Lord Salisbury have been conferring on a basis of settlement for the Egyptian question. It will probably be: The continuation of the *de facto* British protectorate over Egypt by the normal British army of occupation, or even a draft upon British troops abroad; order to be provisionally maintained by specially raised Egyptian troops with British officers; the British position and obligations towards Turkey to be upheld in accordance with the Cyprus treaty of alliance.

Mr. Stanhope, Colonial Secretary, has announced in the House of Commons that France has offered to cease deporting criminals to the South Pacific, provided she be allowed to annex the New Hebrides Islands. To this he said Australia would not agree. There were no negotiations proceeding between England and France, but England was urging France to abandon the deportation of criminals.

The *République Française* insists that the French should remain in the New Hebrides Islands. It says: "The presence of German gunboats in the New Hebrides shelling native villages renders it impossible for us to evacuate without dishonor to the French flag." M. de Freycinet, at a meeting of the French Cabinet on Thursday, confirmed the report that the relations between M. de Viliers, the French Resident at Tamatave, and the Malagasy Government were growing more strained. In addition, M. de Freycinet stated that in Anam and Tonquin affairs were much improved.

The French Resident at Tamatave has presented to the Malagasy Government an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the appendix to the treaty of December 17, the nullification of the bank charter, and the concession of unlimited territory for French installations at Diego Suarez Bay. The Hovas have resolved to maintain the appendix, and it is reported that the Resident is about to depart for France. Trade in Madagascar is much depressed.

Señor Zorilla, the leader of the Spanish revolutionists, in an interview published in the Paris *Figaro*, says that the late uprising in Spain was premature, and declares that in the revolt which will take place at the proper time many of the generals in the Spanish Army will support the revolutionists. Spain has demanded from France the expulsion of Zorilla from French territory. The French Cabinet on Friday discussed the demand, and separated without being able to agree as to the proper answer to make to Spain. It was resolved to submit the matter to President Grévy.

General Villacampa, the leader of the insurrection in Madrid, has been arrested.

Forty-three Unionists, including Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, Collings, and Caine, were absent when the division was taken on Mr. Parnell's bill. None of them had paired. The Government will propose procedure reform in accordance with the advice offered by the recent committee on that subject.

Mr. Parnell has written the following letter to Mr. Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League in America: "The rejection of the Tenants' Relief Bill, the scarcely veiled threat of the Irish Secretary, and the alarming increase in the number of evictions, clearly indicate the commencement of a combined movement of extermination against the tenant farmers of Ireland by the English Government and the Irish landlords. I lose no time in advising you of the imminence of a crisis and of a peril which have seldom been equalled even in the troubled history of Ireland. I know that it will be the highest duty and the most honorable task which can engage the attention of my countrymen in free America, to do what in them lies to frustrate the attempt of those who would assassinate our nation, and to alleviate the sufferings of those who unhappily must be the numerous victims of the social war which has been preached by the rich and powerful Government of England against our people. In sending us that moral and material assistance which has never been wanting, has never been stinted, from your side of the Atlantic, you will perform two most important and valuable functions: you will encourage the weak to resist and bear oppression, and you will also lessen and alleviate those feelings of despair in the minds of the evicted which have so often and so unhappily stimulated those victims to have recourse to the wild spirit of revenge. In doing so you will assist in preserving for our movement that peaceable character which has enabled it to win its most recent and almost crowning triumph, while you will strengthen it to bear oppression, and encourage our people until the final goal of legislative independence has been won."

The London *Standard* interprets Mr. Parnell's letter as a declaration of war. It describes the letter as an inflammatory invective, and cannot understand how Mr. Parnell put his name to such a document. It says: "This eleemosynary manifesto tears away the veil which was woven for the purpose of the general election around the real temper and tendency of the Separatist party. The appetite of his American paymasters must be coarse indeed, if it needs seasoning of this fiery kind."

Lord Randolph Churchill gave notice in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon of the intention of the Government to introduce early next session measures for considerable modifications in the present method of conducting public business in the House of Commons. The announcement is accepted as portending further repressive measures against the Parnellites.

The House of Commons passed the Appropriation Bill on Wednesday night and adjourned till Saturday, when it was prorogued till November 11. The Queen's speech was colorless.

Lord Salisbury made a speech on Wednesday before the County Conservative Club of Hertfordshire. Referring to Irish obstruction, he said: "It is an instrument of torture to compel a majority Government, by mere physical suffering, to concede this or that, whatever the obstructionists set their hearts on. If a representative government is to continue, this instrument of torture cannot be permitted to survive. It will paralyze all legislation and bring discredit upon the oldest instrument of freedom in the world." Referring to Mr. Gladstone's statements in the Land Bill debate, he said: "Mr. Gladstone charged me with stating that there were cases where judicial rents could not be paid. Mr. Gladstone based his arguments and justified his course thereon, but the charge is absolutely unfounded. I said nothing of the kind. I never said that the exchequer should pay the difference between judicial and just rents. Courtesy alone prevents me from contradicting those statements in sufficiently strong language. I regret to note that Messrs. Gladstone's and Morley's speeches had a tendency to ridicule and oppose the Government proposals in the direction of creating a peasant proprietary in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone indicated that he would strongly oppose the policy to substitute a small for a large proprietary, which, of course, would be made with perfect justice and proper compensation all round. The proposal to multiply small freeholds in Ireland originated with Mr. John Bright, who parted from Mr. Gladstone this year, but the proposal was never a party question. I myself and many other Conservatives have supported it for twenty years. It is the true policy of statesmen. In a sound system of peasant proprietary lies the future social salvation of Ireland."

The police on Thursday night ran down and surprised a party of moonlighters at Feale Bridge, County Kerry, Ireland. A fight ensued, in which one of the moonlighters was shot dead and six were taken prisoners. The affair has caused much excitement throughout Kerry.

Rioting was renewed in Belfast on Sunday morning. The officers fired on the mob and fatally wounded one man. Twelve constables were seriously wounded with stones.

A syndicate of Paris and Berlin bankers has subscribed 600,000,000 francs to carry out a scheme, sanctioned by the Sultan, for a network of railways to connect the Black Sea with the Persian Gulf, under the direction of the Austrian engineer, Pressel.

A riot took place on Tuesday during the unveiling and dedication of the statue of Armand Barbès, the Red Republican colleague of Blanqui, at Carcassonne, in the Department of Aude, France. The committee having the ceremonies in charge were nearly all Moderatists. The revolutionists became provoked at their predominance and attempted to control the demonstration themselves. In this they were resisted by the committee, assisted by the police. The revolutionists gathered reinforcements and made an open fight for control of the situation. With red flags flying they assaulted the enclosed site, breaking down the barriers, trampling over the women and children, and driving the Moderatists and their police allies away from the place.

Four hundred Socialists made a demonstration in Leipsic on Tuesday. A conflict with the police took place. Seven Socialists were arrested.

The condition of King Otto of Bavaria is becoming worse. He is more eccentric than ever, and insists on remaining in solitude.

Thomas Webster, the well-known English painter and Academician, is dead at the age of eighty-six. He was the son of the musician of the Chapel Royal at Windsor. On the lad showing a preference for painting he was permitted in 1820 to enter the Royal Academy as a student. In 1823 he exhibited a portrait group, and two years later obtained the first medal in the school of painting. He painted a great many pictures of homely domestic life, which have become very popular. In 1846 he was elected a full member of the Royal Academy, and in 1876 was placed on the list of honorary retired Academicians.

The Mexican Congress has appointed a commission to study the silver question.

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THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AGAIN.

THE New York Custom-house, as all our readers know, has been the very citadel of the spoils system. The possession of it has been for fifty years, in the eyes of spoilsmen all over the country, both the sign and the reward of victory. No triumph was of much value as long as the enemy held the Custom-house, and could garrison it with his janissaries. To be able to "name the Collector," when a new administration came in, seemed in the eyes of the workers almost the pinnacle of human greatness. This interest in the Custom-house was not due in the least to the fact that it was a vast financial institution, through which there flowed a large proportion of the annual revenues of the Government; nor was it due to the fact that it furnished, more than any similar establishment in the world, an opportunity of showing the foreigners who used it a great illustration of the promptness, efficiency, purity, and skill which Americans brought to the management of public business. It was looked on as the place in which the largest number of small party politicians could be quartered on the public treasury.

It is no exaggeration to say, that for two generations at least the New York Custom-house attracted the attention of political men only in a subordinate degree as a great financial institution — that its main function was in their eyes the supply of bread and butter to electioneering agents. The successive collectors who took charge of it during nearly half a century found themselves invariably, on taking office, confronted not with the problem of improving and simplifying methods of collecting money, but with the problem of providing salaries for a swarm of men whom no private employers would hire. Their daily business was not the supervision of inspectors, appraisers, and weighers, but the division of the places among the workers, one stream of whom was constantly pouring out of one door and another pouring in at another door, on the principle that each man was entitled to "his turn" at the public crib. Nearly all the men employed under each Administration in this city to look after the party vote were quartered in the Custom-house as a matter of course, as if it were a public lodging-house. In the bad times some of them never went there except to draw their salaries. In the best times numbers were always absent canvassing or stumping. In fact, there was nothing quite like it out of Turkey. It was a national shame and disgrace, and its rescue, until President Cleveland came in, seemed almost hopeless. Mr. Hayes was something of a reformer, but he could not touch the Custom-house. Mr. Arthur was something of a reformer, but some of his worst betrayals of reform were perpetrated in the Custom-house. In fact, when Mr. Hedden was appointed, and began his activities by substituting a dog-fighting, prize-fighting liquor-dealer for a gallant soldier and experienced officer in an important place, reformers were almost disposed to despair about the Custom-house. The outworks were in their hands, but the citadel seemed impregnable.

We think, however, we are not rash in saying that the place has at last been captured, and is now for the first time in hands of those who believe, with the President, that public office is a public trust, and that Government offices are meant for the transaction of public business, and not as lodging-houses for party tramps. The new Collector, Mr. Magone, is the first since Jackson's day who has not only expressed entire devotion to the principles of civil-service reform, as reformers understand them, but carries them out rigidly in the conduct of his office. Any one who goes into the Custom-house to-day will see a great Government establishment employed simply in the collection and safe-keeping of Government funds, and the politicians who are still on the premises, are either preparing to go, or expecting any day to have to go. The huggermuggering and the winking and nudging about offices and claims among the workers have ceased. The practical men have stopped shaking their heads and smiling over the theorists. They are grave, and full of care, and the world seems very dull to them, for to them there is no place on earth so like home as an old-fashioned custom-house or post-office.

That President Cleveland, who began his administration by giving back the New York Post-office to the nation, should not have been equally prompt in letting it have the Custom-house, is, we admit, regrettable, but it is not surprising. He has had to feel his way in a novel work, in which the difficulties were great and the assistants few. But we have ourselves never doubted that in hewing a path through the spoils system he would at last reach the Custom-house and make a wholesome clearing round it also. Hedden was probably most useful as an experiment. He was probably the best that could be done on the old plan. When he failed, as he did very promptly, it was plain that nothing would do but a new principle of selection, and that somebody would have to be put in charge, like Mr. Magone, who believed in reform, not officially, as a doctrine held by his superiors, but personally, as the only doctrine on which an honest and patriotic man could administer a public office.

THE REAL OBJECTION TO THE CANDIDACY OF HENRY GEORGE.

THERE are a good many intelligent people in this city, not manual laborers, disposed to look on Henry George's candidacy either with contempt or with amiable indulgence. There are some, even, who are proposing to vote for him because they happen to agree with him about the nationalization of land, about free trade, or about taxation. They know that his election is hardly possible, and that even if he were elected, he could do nothing directly in the Mayoralty to promote his peculiar opinions. But they think that a strong vote in his favor would be a striking demonstration in support of them. So that, even if they do not vote for him themselves, they are not sorry to see others do so in considerable numbers.

Now, we would call the attention of all who are disposed to look at the matter in this way to a view of it which has thus far been forgotten, but which we think will seem obvious enough when we state it. The labor organizations which have nominated Henry George know as well as anybody that his election, even if they could elect him, would contribute nothing to the realization of the aims set out in their platform. They know the Mayor of New York cannot nationalize land, or compel people to build on vacant lots, or impose a progressive income tax, or hand the railroads and telegraphs over to the Government, or restrict the hours of labor. In fact, there are probably none but the most ignorant of them who consider these things so near realization as to be within the domain of practical politics at all, and the interest the great majority take in them is undoubtedly very feeble. What they are all most keenly interested in, from Powderly down, in all parts of the country, as the experience of the last six months has shown, is the legalization of the "boycott," or, in other words, the securing of impunity for the use of violence or coercion in support of strikes. They have found by experiment that in the present condition of the labor market in this country, it is only in the more highly skilled trades that a strike, pure and simple, that is, a refusal to work for a particular employer, is sure of success. They have nearly all admitted, from Powderly down, that nothing but the boycott, and the use of physical force to drive away competitors, is certainly "effective," to use Powderly's word, in bringing an employer to terms. The object nearest their hearts, therefore, especially in the large cities, is full liberty, without interference from the police, to back up strikes, either by conspiracies to ruin the business of employers or of persons who in any way make themselves obnoxious to Labor, or by open violence directed against non-union men and the property of those who employ them.

Up to last April they thought they had this liberty. During the previous year they had been exercising it with a vigor and boldness which increased as the organization of the Knights of Labor was extended, and the cowardice or apathy of the press became more apparent. The general opinion in this State was that the law put no hindrance in their way, and the newspapers encouraged the view that, even if it did, it was vain to expect its enforcement. They went so fast, however, and were so reckless, both in the choice of their victims, the penalties they inflicted, and in the disturbances they caused—going so far in this city as to barricade the streets under the eyes of the police—that public indignation was at last aroused. When American patience was exhausted, it was soon found that the Penal Code had provided for just this form of lawlessness; and the police, the magistrates, and the grand juries became so energetic in the work of suppression that boycotting with violence, and conspiracies to boycott, soon came to an end. The right of "Labor" to blackmail and to assault and burn was sternly denied, and Labor was sent to jail for so doing in considerable quantities.

Now, the aim and expectation of Henry George's supporters is by a large vote to undo what has been done for law and order. They know, as every one who has lived more than a

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year in New York knows, what the effect of "politics" is on most city officials. They know of what base and corrupt compliances they are apt to be guilty in order to placate anybody who can command votes; they know with what difficulty governors, mayors, police magistrates, police commissioners, and district attorneys are screwed up to the point of enforcing the law against anybody who is likely to be able to avenge himself at the polls. They know that in this fact has lain for forty years the secret of the strength of the liquor-dealers, and gamblers, and hackmen, not only in New York, but in every city in the State, in evading or defying the law. They hope, therefore, by polling a large "labor vote," no matter for whom, and no matter on what kind of platform, to carry sufficient demoralization into the Governor's office, and the Mayor's office, the District Attorney's office, and into the police courts and the police stations to secure them a free boycott, or, in other words, to secure the non-enforcement of the law against violence and outrage committed by members of the labor organizations in the supposed interest of labor.

We are casting no imputation on people now in office in this city—for they have done their duty well—in saying that these expectations of Labor are very shrewd and well founded. A large vote for George will undoubtedly diminish the value of the law as a protection for non-union men and for employers in all parts of the country. It will be taken in every labor caucus as a sign that they may make strikes effective by the use of the bludgeon, the pistol, and the torch. It will increase the disposition, even of candidates for high offices, to shut their eyes to violence and disorder which they are told is intended to elevate the workingman. We are at this moment treated to the shameful spectacle of a candidate for the Governorship in Pennsylvania, denouncing the laws which protect citizens of that State from combinations to ruin their property and reputation in order to compel them to hire people whom they do not want, at wages they do not choose to pay, as "but a slight modification of the infamous conspiracy laws"; and denouncing the police which checks rioting, as "representing the employer instead of the public authority." And this license would continue until American patience was again exhausted, and the "fooling with anarchy" was stopped with the strong hand of an awakened majority; but it could not be stopped until enormous mischief had been done.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

THE report made by the Civil-Service Reform Association of Indiana, a few days since, on the Indiana Hospital for the Insane, sets forth a state of things which ought to delight the souls of Old-Fashioned Democrats in all parts of the country. We are much surprised that none of them have taken any notice of it. When we read that this institution employs 336 persons in various capacities, and that all of them are selected for political reasons, and that no one is ever examined in order to ascertain his fitness for the duties, and that changes are made as often as the State Senators desire, and that one Senator has secured the appointment of "a daughter, a nephew, three nieces, and a number of attendants," etc., we have before us a concrete example which ought to warm every Jeffersonian heart in the land. We wonder that the champions of the system have not had a public dinner somewhere to celebrate the triumph of their principles in this great institution. It would be hard to find a more flourishing specimen of the spoils system. We would fain believe that there are not many left, but of this we are not entirely sure. We only know that here is one of the Old-Fashioned sort, and that no new-fangled, unrepublican rules, which prohibit American citizens from exercising their political rights, are allowed entrance into the Indiana Hospital for the Insane. On the contrary, the politics of Indianapolis and of Marion County is largely controlled by the employees of the hospital. They took such an interest in the Bynum-Bailey controversy that on the day of the recent Congressional Convention the hospital was almost deserted of attendants.

The hospital is under the charge of three trustees. One of these, Mr. P. M. Gapen, acts as treasurer. Mr. Gapen, however, resides most of the time in Arkansas, where he manages a sawmill. A residence in Arkansas does not disable him from the performance of the political duties for which he was selected, but it prevents him from promptly turning over all the funds that come into his hands as treasurer. A missing check for $64.77, a rebate on upholstery goods purchased in New York for the hospital, was traced to Treasurer Gapen and then lost sight of, the books showing no corresponding entry. A letter to Gapen calling for an explanation brought the response that the next time he came to Indiana he would have the matter looked up. This is really one of the smallest grievances that the civil-service fanatics complain of. It is only mentioned by way of showing how inconvenient it is for people conducting an investigation to arrive at the truth when the responsible officers are not to be found. Gapen's salary runs on just the same whether he is in Indiana or in Arkansas, although he has been present at only one meeting of the Board since October, 1885.

When the present Old-Fashioned Board came into office, in 1883, the first thing done was to remove the book and storekeeper. The reasons for this step are clearly shown in the sequel. It was hardly necessary to mix ashes and soot with the butter on hand in order to make a case against Capt. Stansbury, the incumbent of the place, yet that is what Dr. Tarleton, the treasurer of the old Board, says was done. Another witness says it was lampblack. The investigation shows that lampblack would have improved the quality of some of the butter that came into the hospital afterward, by killing the animalculæ contained in it. Capt. Stansbury was got rid of on a charge of purchasing inferior supplies, and another book and storekeeper was appointed in his place, but not until one of the trustees had examined him as to his fitness for the place and found that he knew nothing whatever about the work he was to do. This trustee subsequently presented a protest against his continuance in office, on the ground that he neither kept the books nor received and inspected the goods purchased, these being the especial duties of his office and for which he was paid by the State. The other trustees objected to the protest, but could not prevent its being filed with the minutes of the Board.

A long list of irregularities, resulting in the swindling of the State and the maltreatment of the inmates, are given in detail by the committee. They are not different from many other exposures of the management of asylums and other public institutions controlled by political bosses, and worked for all they are worth in the interest of the party. Some of the facts disclosed are ludicrous and others disgusting. Sometimes the large engines of the workshop are kept running at full speed when nobody is using the machinery. On one occasion a lot of 600 diseased hogs were bought for food. "They began to die rapidly, and at the same time slaughtering went on for the table. It was neck-and-neck between disease and the butcher's knife." In the course of seven months 14,213 pounds of dead hogs were sold by the asylum for fertilizing purposes.

The superintendent of the hospital is apparently a conscientious man, contending against enormous difficulties. He has gone so far as to ask the trustees to establish this rule at once: "Never to keep in the pay of the hospital a person who is useless, and *under no circumstances* to part with one who is valuable." This maxim stamps the superintendent as self-conceited, impracticable, and visionary; a fellow who pretends to be better than his neighbors, and an aristocrat masquerading as a reformer. If his demands were conceded, how would our system of government be better than the bureaucracies of the Old World?

WHAT IS A FRIEND OF LABOR?

AN animated discussion has been recently going on in the newspapers over the question whether Mr. Benedict, the new Public Printer, is a "friend of labor." To answer such a question we ought to know what is meant by a friend of labor. The fact is, that, at the present time, a very peculiar technical meaning is attached to this phrase, and one not acquainted with this meaning would wonder why the question was considered of any importance. Such a person would say that Mr. Benedict had a certain definite sum of money appropriated by Congress to expend in the employment of labor; that he would certainly be moved to expend it all, no matter how great his enmity to the laborer; that he could not expend a dollar more, however strong his friendship might be; that the rate of wages which he had to pay was so fixed by law and custom that no change in this respect could be expected, and that the hours of labor were also so fixed by custom or by regulations that Mr. Benedict could not treat his men differently from any other Public Printer. To the unsophisticated person who took this view, it would have seemed that Mr. Benedict could prove himself a friend of labor only by acting on the general principle of the political

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equality of all men, and selecting the best workmen, regardless of influence, social position, or membership of societies. He would have been surprised to learn that not one of the people who feared that the new printer was an enemy of labor, supposed for a moment that he would ill-treat his men or recognize class-distinctions among them.

In the sense in which the phrase was used in the discussion, a friend of labor means a man who, when a laborer goes to him seeking employment, will first of all ask him if he is a member of some labor union and has a certificate to that effect. If he answers in the negative, the employer shows his friendship for labor by refusing to engage him on any terms whatever. He may possess the highest testimonials of character and ability; he may have a family depending upon him for support; he may prove himself a workman of the highest class; he may show that unless he can get employment, his family will suffer for bread. To all this the true friend of labor has but one reply to make: "Your family is none of my concern, and you must look after it yourself in your own way. Nobody finds any employment here unless he is a member in good standing of some union; and as you, by your own showing, are not such, you have only to go where you please and make a living as you can." If the employer fails in this duty, if he is moved either by sympathy or the desire of having a good workman to give the man employment, he is called an enemy of labor; and if he occupies as prominent a position as that of Mr. Benedict, he will be denounced as such from Maine to California.

The other day a despatch from Cincinnati appeared in the morning papers. It bore the rather startling heading: "Deciding Against Organized Labor." The reader who went no further would naturally infer that some one had been doing something to prevent laborers from organizing, or had taken some action tending to discourage labor organizations. But on reading the despatch he would find that nothing of the sort had been done. The step taken by the Board of Public Affairs consisted in the passage of a resolution that, acting in its official capacity, it had no right to discriminate between skilled workmen, and would not do so. So far as it was concerned, every man should have the same right, whether he was or was not a Knight of Labor. How could such action be considered as directed against organized labor? Simply in this way. A resolution had been brought before the Board that none but union laborers should be employed upon public works. Their voting it down, as well as rescinding other resolutions in favor of labor unions, was looked upon as a decision against organized labor.

The mutations in the meaning of words make a most interesting theme for the student of language. In the present case we have an example of how a word may reverse not only its meaning, but the very order of thought in the men who use it. We make a bad thing seem good by giving it a pleasant name. Excessive duties on imports for the avowed purpose of making goods scarce and dear, could never have been so popular as they are had they not been grouped under the very pleasant term protection. There is, however, in this use of the term a certain plausibility, in that a seller of goods who sees somebody else underselling him feels injured, and naturally looks upon the stoppage of this injury as a kind of protection. But there is no such excuse for calling a man who would make a class discrimination between laborers, and recognize only a select few as worthy of employment, a "friend of labor." Yet it is doubtful if any one could, at the present time, be got to use the phrase in any other sense.

DREAMS.

SETTING aside those dreams (if there be such) which are *visions*, it is evident that the larger number of our dreams are but ungoverned thoughts; thoughts that have escaped from the guidance of the slumbering will; thoughts which run away with us—whatever that "us" stands for. And the course of these wild fancies often brings a revelation of our inmost selves; the ways along which rush these steeds of our imagination often indicate the lines of our spiritual life. Such dreams arising out of ourselves are, as Goethe remarked, "of interest because they cannot but have a certain analogy with all else in our lives and destiny."

One of the best known among the still living older English poets, who was a personal friend and warm admirer of Wordsworth, told the present writer some years ago of a dream *confessed* to him—the word is the true one—by Wordsworth. He said that at times, especially when he was in London, he had one peculiar dream, often repeating itself. He thought he was a large bird, delighting in his power and freedom of flight, soaring and floating where he would. But the air about him was always full of other birds, some like himself, some smaller, and his chief exhilaration was in perceiving that he rose above them all. "After this dream," he continued, "I could not but constantly say to myself: 'Billy Wordsworth, Billy Wordsworth, you had better look after your soul.'" It is evident that he held with Montaigne that dreams are loyal interpreters of our inclinations, and, with Plato, that it is the part of prudence to gather from them divine counsels.

It need not be said that the literature of dreams belongs to all times and ages, and is of enormous extent and incalculable importance, and that the dreams of prophets and poets, of saints and sages, have entered into the waking lives of all men. But it is not amiss to point out that there are perhaps indications in modern literature, for instance, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," that the merely poetic side of dreams is likely more and more to be treated as of interest. The further civilization removes itself from *living* the 'Thousand and One Nights,' the more it is likely to value *dreaming* them.

From this point of view it is curious to recall three dreams, dreamt by three of the most remarkable minds of the last hundred years—Goethe, George Sand, and Turgeneff. They were themselves evidently deeply touched by them, as is shown not merely by their putting them into literary form, but, in the case of the two earliest authors, their more than once referring to them. With Turgeneff the narrative was written late in life, and is possibly more a conscious imagination than the others. To bring the three together is the more interesting because, while the scene of all is curiously the same—they all are on the water in boats—the individuality of each is extraordinary. Goethe's is the dream of knowledge, George Sand's of love, Turgeneff's of aspiration.

Goethe's is to be found in the 'Italienische Reise.' He says:

"I cannot but recall to you a dream which seemed to me, a year ago, full of significance. I dreamed this: that I landed in a rather large boat on a fruitful, richly overgrown island, where it was known to me were to be found the most beautiful pheasants. So I immediately bargained with the inhabitants for such sort of birds, which they in turn immediately killed and brought abundantly. They were certainly pheasants, but as a dream is wont to change all things, so they had long, many-colored tails, with eyes like those of peacocks or the rare birds of paradise. These, brought to me by scores into the boat, were laid with the heads inwards, so exquisitely heaped up that the long, brilliant tail-feathers, hanging outside, formed in the sunshine the most splendid pile that one can imagine; and such a wealth of them were there that scarcely room remained for the steersman and the rowers in the stern and the bows. In this fashion we cut through the quiet water, and meantime I already named to myself the friends with whom I would share these beautiful treasures. At last, landing in a great harbor, I lost myself among huge, high-masted ships, where I mounted from deck to deck to find a safe landing-place for my little boat."

Goethe's interpretation of this dream is found in the exclamation, five months later in date than the above—five months spent in the most eager accumulation of intellectual treasures: "It seems as if I could unload my pheasant boat nowhere but with you. May only first its load become of due stateliness!"

George Sand's dream likewise occurs in her record of wanderings—wanderings as different from those of Goethe as the character of her dream is different from his. It was at Venice that, chancing one evening to find herself in a situation which a little resembled her dream, she was led to write in the 'Lettres d'un Voyageur' the following pages:

"I have frequently told you of a dream which I often have, and which always leaves on me, when I awake, a mingled impression of happiness and sadness. When this dream begins, I am seated on a desolate river-bank, and a boat full of friends singing delicious melodies comes towards me down the rapid stream. They call me, they hold out their arms to me, and I spring into the boat with them. They tell me, 'We are going to —— (they name an unknown country); let us hasten thither.' The instruments are laid down, the songs interrupted. Each one takes an oar. We land—on what enchanted shore? It would be impossible for me to describe it, yet I have seen it twenty times; it is well known to me. . . . We disembark, and, running and singing, we pass on in all directions through the balmy thickets. Then all disappears, and I awake. I begin over and over again this lovely dream, and I have never been able to carry it further.

"What is strange about it is, that these friends with whom, as it were, I belong, and who carry me with them, are none that I have ever seen in real life. When I awake, my imagination cannot recall them. I forget their faces, their names, their age, and their number. I know confusedly that they are all beautiful and young; men and women are crowned with flowers, and their hair floats on their shoulders. The boat is large and it is full. They do not arrange themselves two by two, they move hither and yon without selection, and seem to love each other all equally with a divine love. . . . Every time that I have this dream, I immediately vividly recall the preceding dreams in which I have seen them. But this memory is distinct only at that moment; when I am awake it is disturbed and effaced. . . . As they approach, I recognize the voices which are so dear to me. Sometimes, on awaking, I retain in memory some fragments of the verses they sing, but they are odd phrases which present no meaning to a broad-awake intelligence. It would be possible, perhaps, by interpreting them, to write the most fantastic poem of our day. But I shall take care not to do that, for I should be desperately sorry to invent anything about my dream, and to change or add anything to the vague remembrance it leaves me. . . .

"As I have often told you, the morning that I am just returned from my unknown island, pale with emotion and regret, nothing in real life can compare with the affection with which these mysterious beings inspire me, or the joy I feel in again being with them. It is such that I feel the physical impression of it after waking, and all day long I cannot think of it without my heart throbbing. . . . I wonder I can live without

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them, and it is my real life which then seems to me a half-effaced dream. . . . This apparition of a troop of friends whose bark bears me to a happy shore, has been in my brain from the earliest years of my life. I remember clearly that in my cradle, when I was five or six years old, I used to see as I fell asleep a troop of beautiful children crowned with flowers, who called me and made me come with them in a great mother-of-pearl shell floating on the water, and who carried me into a magnificent garden. This garden was different from the imaginary shore of my isle. There was the same change between that and this as between my child-friends and the friends of my dreams now. . . ."

The reader cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance to be found in the beautiful "poem in prose" by Turgeneff (of which we will venture to give a necessarily very imperfect rendering)—the blended resemblance to both the hasty though effective sketches of the previous dreamers:

"O kingdom of the skies! O abiding-place of light, of youth, and of happiness, that dreaming I have seen! I sat with a number of companions in a stately shallop. Like a swan's breast the great white sail rounded itself under the fluttering pennants. I knew not my companions, but I felt through my whole being that they were young, gay, and happy, like myself. But I gave them no attention. I saw only all around us the shoreless sea, its azure everywhere dotted with little golden scales, and over my head another infinite sea of blue, joyously caressed by the triumphant, radiant sunlight. And there arose among us from time to time clear and sweet laughter, like the laughter of immortals. Or suddenly there sounded from some mouth words, verses, full of a wonderful beauty and of inspired power. The heavens and the waters vibrated with responsive harmonies; and then reigned anew silence, the silence of happiness. Lightly plunging through the placid waves, our boat sailed rapidly on. It was not the wind that drove it—our own joy-beating hearts impelled it; it floated where we would, docile as a living creature. We swept by magic islands, half transparent, glimmering like precious stones, emeralds and opals, while intoxicating perfumes came wafted to us from their softly rounded banks. Here would fall on us a rain of lilies of the valley and white roses; there suddenly took flight birds with long, rainbow-colored wings. The birds circled above us; the lilies and roses fell into the sea and melted in the pearly foam through which slipped the shining sides of our craft. With the flowers and the birds there flew to us sounds of ineffable sweetness—of women's voices. And all around us the sky, the sea, the undulating sail, the murmur of the water at our prow, all spoke of love, of blissful love. And she, the beloved, the chosen of each heart, was there, invisible yet present. One instant more, and her eyes beam, her smile shines, her hand touches thine and draws thee with her into everlasting Paradise. O kingdom of the skies, I have seen thee but in dream!"

Correspondence.

SPECIFIC ISSUES IN PARTY PLATFORMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Edmunds's advice to the Republican party to go West for a candidate who is especially sound on financial questions, seems, in the latter clause at least, to be uncommonly good advice. This country has passed the stage of development where Congress has to consider especially measures concerning national organic growth. In a distant future stage we may see our refined and cultured representative body discussing the artistic, literary, and even spiritual welfare of the nation, but just at present we are certainly in the age where questions of industrial prosperity and administration are, and are for some time to be, the absorbing ones. Questions of tariff, coinage, banking system, civil service, and expenditure of the national revenues, with all their interdependencies and details, must be discussed and settled.

Although Mr. Edmunds's advice is good, it seems to me, like too many recommendations of the same nature, too general. If we are to settle these questions, they must be taken up one at a time, and the voice of the people made distinctly audible before either party will make a move. Though the English have a different political system, we may still learn some lessons from them. Such reforms as that of the Corn Laws and Irish Disestablishment were passed only by making the "cry" specific. To-day elections to Parliament have been made on the "Home Rule" and "Land Purchase" questions as a single measure. This brings vital and specific subjects to the front. Our methods of late have produced the opposite result. Generalities are put in the party platforms, and the people vote on them or the bloody shirt. Their opinions on vital questions are never expressed at the polls. Each party is as afraid of a live issue as of a live rattlesnake.

Generalities, like "such reforms in the tariff as will correct its inequalities but still protect American labor," do not tell a man what he is voting for, or give to a successful candidate any idea of the grounds on which he was elected. Suppose, on the other hand, one party, following the English plan, should take a definite stand on some such specific financial issue as free raw materials. I have never seen or heard of a protectionist who favored perpetual protection on all things, or a free-trader who advocated immediate free trade in all things. The changes that will be made in the tariff must, in the natural development, be towards free trade. A cry of free trade in general frightens many; one of free raw materials, while it would be pronounced a leader in that direction, would repel but few, unless, perhaps, brought forward by some existing free-trade club.

This letter, however, was not intended for a discussion; but, if it seems profitable to you, I should like to see this idea of a vital and specific financial issue discussed in the *Nation* and all the papers before this and the next fall elections. The new generation of voters, as well as many of the old, are tired of generalities and the bloody shirt, and want simply an opportunity to vote for the party that will give it a definite live issue on financial questions. Can it be given to them in these coming elections of '86 and '87, so that they can make themselves felt? V.

Chicago, September 22, 1886.

ABOLISH THE SALOONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read your articles against the Saloon in Politics with increasing interest, because they are getting clearer, and making up the issue more definitely as they succeed each other. I hope you will continue and evolve not only your present clear statement of the question, but a practical method of uniting the best elements of all classes and parties to destroy the saloon—the drink-selling shop.

In this city of 9,000 souls the saloons were closed thirteen years ago, and have not since been reopened. The benefit has been demonstrated by this good test to be very great. The question disappeared from politics long ago. No candidate for office would stand any chance of election who advocated license. The good results have spread abroad, and our county, including the larger city of Bridgeton, is almost entirely free. We gained our victory, fortunately, before the days of the Radical Prohibitionists or the Anti-Saloon Republicans, by a judicious and moderate course. We gained the support of many Democrats, Republicans, Greenbackers, and moderate drinkers by taking one step at a time—first limiting, and finally, when the time was ripe, abolishing the saloons. Is it not practicable on a larger scale?

Very truly, R. M. Atwater.

Millville, N. J., September 24, 1886.

LABOR AND CAPITAL—AN ILLUSTRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have made many forcible statements of the relations of labor and capital. Perhaps the following illustration would reach the plainest understanding. Suppose two mechanics with equal wages. The one spends all, determined to enjoy life as he goes. The other, by strict economy and self-denial, is able in the course of time to pay for a house. The latter is now a capitalist, whether he lives in the house himself or rents it to another. Now what decent claim can the spendthrift make upon the invested capital of his prudent fellow-workman? Yet such or similar is the origin of most of the capital of civilized communities. The dissatisfied are apt to look at the few millionaires, whose enterprises are conspicuous, but whose combined capital forms but a fraction of the whole that is in use. Many small streams contribute to fill the ocean.

You may have seen a greedy boy eat up his apple quickly, then turn to a companion and demand a share of his.—Yours truly,

W. H.

Philadelphia, September 27, 1886.

THE MADISON POST-OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As you have been prompt in calling public notice to violations of the pledges of civil-service reform on the part of the Administration, I seek the channels of your paper to call attention to an incident, perhaps small in itself, but raised to the dignity of national importance by the fact that this is the home of the Postmaster-General, and the occurrence follows close upon the heels of his departure after a recent visit.

The Post-office here had been pretty thoroughly cleared of its old employees before this and their places given to inexperienced men; but there remained a Mr. Hastreiter, mailing clerk, a man of great competence, who, having devoted many years to the work, had come to be well-nigh indispensable in despatching the large mail that accumulates here; and a Mr. Helen, Superintendent of the Special Delivery, likewise possessed of information which it takes years to acquire. Now, shortly after the Postmaster-General's recent visit, these men were notified that, after the first of the month, they would no longer be wanted, and new and inexperienced men were appointed in their places—a most flagrant disregard of the city's interests and violation of the Administration's pledges of civil-service reform.

If this is the civil service which the Postmaster-General administers to his old friends and neighbors, is it not pertinent to inquire if this is the coin in which he proposes to redeem the President's pledges to the country at large? If the public generally is so thoroughly disgusted with its dose as the better class of citizens of this city are with this incident, the chances of reëlecting even Mr. Cleveland are few. Does it not begin to look as if the rope was already provided with which the Democratic party is to hang itself in 1888—viz., "greed for office"?—Yours for the cause of

Civil-Service Reform.

Madison, Wis., September 25, 1886.

WAS MOHAMMED A FRIEND TO LEARNING?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Sir Wm. Jones quotes from the Koran the words, "The man who has knowledge for his portion has received a valuable gift," and adds that among his (the Prophet's) sayings preserved by his intimate friends and now considered as authentic, there are several that recommend learn

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ing in the strongest terms; as, "The ink of the learned and the blood of martyrs are of equal value in heaven"; "Learning is permitted to all believers, both male and female," and that precept of his which is well known, "Seek learning, though it were in China."

So much for the affirmative. Now comes Mr. E. Hungerford, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, and says: "Whether from fear lest knowledge should sap the bottom stones of the faith, or from a belief that all that a man needs to know was made known by revelation through him, Mohammed issued an edict that made the study of the liberal sciences and arts punishable with death." Mr. H. also cites his illiteracy as evidence of his hostility to learning. In this disagreement between doctors a layman is perplexed. (See Jones's prefatory discourse to an essay on the history of the Turks in Teignmouth's 'Life of Jones,' Appendix.) N. N.

Belleville, Ill.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE IN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *Physiology forms part of the first year's* course in our High School, and the classes are in charge of a skilful teacher who is a great lover of nature. In one of the first lessons in the book there is a cut of the Hydra. The teacher called attention to the strange animal, and asked his boys to bring water from ponds and ditches that he might show them the creature alive under the microscope. Of fifty-six boys one complied.

This is the spirit our pupils bring from the lower schools. They have no foundation either of knowledge or love of knowledge on which we can build. It is of no use to try to make knowledge popular and attractive: they will none of it in any form. They will memorize statements and work examples by rule to get the answers; under strong protest they will commit declensions to *memory*; *but true study is unknown* among them. Nor can they be taught it. A few of the choicest spirits begin to perceive that there is such a thing, but none ever attain it, and most graduate ignorant of its existence. True learning differs in kind from anything known in school. High School Teacher.

Ohio, September 21, 1886.

WOMEN IN MUSIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The discussion in your columns of woman's place in music arouses in me a feeling of sympathy for such as plead her cause and claim for her a share in the honors of musical literature. I have read the correspondence on this subject in conjunction with that about the letter of "E. R. S.," "Why not make her an intellectual woman?" Every musician knows that the talent for composition is exceedingly rare, and a willingness to surmount the difficulties leading to correct writing of music rarer still. How few of the many cultivated musicians we see around us are possessed with anything like an adequate passion for the production of unaffected, original composition Our civilization seems against it. Perhaps woman's life and condition are.

As a matter of fact, women find great trouble in composition the moment they go beyond a knowledge of harmony. They cannot hear the contrapuntal parts until they are performed, nor see them before they are written down. *Yet in this they only share the lot of the majority of men.* It seems futile to deny this, and a great deal better to accept the facts as they stand. Woman's value in the musical world is not thereby impaired, and is rapidly growing greater. The question, "Why not make her an intellectual woman?" is being agitated throughout the literary world of to-day; but the question, "Why not make her an intellectual musician?" has not been much quoted. Yet it is equally necessary she should be made such, in order to clothe her with the power and prestige in music that men have as composers.

As far back as the sixteenth century, men's minds became trained in composition with singular severity. Think what a century of counterpoint did for them. When, in Bach's time, musical giants arose and poured forth their utterance divine, where were the women? Rousseau says in the 'Confessions': "Une de mes chances était d'avoir toujours dans mes liaisons des femmes auteurs. Je croyais au moins parmi les grands éviter cette chance. Point du tout; elle m'y suivit encore." Women evidently occupied much the same place then as now. Goethe celebrates Corona and others in his poems, who sang at the "Three Swans" in Leipsic, and drew such crowded houses that in 1781 the renowned concert hall in the Gewandhaus was opened for the better accommodation of the public.

It appears frivolous to be discussing the merits of the case. The fact is incontestable: women have not distinguished themselves as composers. Yet are they less indispensable in the musical world? Will not all be glad when a musical George Eliot comes to shine effulgent in the constellation of great composers?

J. H. Pratt.

Decoto, Cal., September 13, 1886.

"WOMAN" AND "LADY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To enforce your position in behalf of "woman" as the worthy appellation of the fair sex, you might refer to two old English anecdotes—one of the superfine curate who, in the service of churching of women, in the case of his high-born patroness, prayed, "O Lord, save this *lady*, thy servant"; and had from the clerk the response to match: "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee." Also, that of the wife of the bishop elect, who, for want of the official permit, was stopped at the door of the palace, and pleaded, "Why, I am the new Bishop's lady"; and received for answer, "Well, if you were the Bishop's wife, I could not let you in without a permit." Anglicus.

KOLONAI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to state, in justice to the correctness of my quotation, that the passage in the Journal of the Archæological Institute (London, 1860) referred to in my paper on a proto-Ionic capital from the site of Neandreia, does really read to the *north* of Alexandria Troas—not to the south, as Mr. Calvert intended it should.

It is certainly gratifying that this only point wherein my conclusions, based on the investigations of the Assos expedition, seemed at variance with the opinions of Mr. Calvert—who is well known as the highest authority on the geography of the Troad—should thus prove to be due merely to a misprint. Joseph Thacher Clarke.

London, Eng., September 13, 1886.

Notes.

Next week we are promised the first number of *American Art*, one more essay to establish on this soil "a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the fine arts, graphic and applied." The editor, Mr. Lyman H. Weeks, art critic of the Boston *Post*, will have the assistance of Mr. Wm. M. Thayer, a well-known journalist of the same city. The business manager, Mr. Frank T. Robinson, will also be a writer for the magazine. The publishers are the American Art Publishing Company, Studio Building, 110 Tremont Street, Boston.

A dozen years ago Mr. Wm. C. Bryant engaged to pass upon the labors of Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck in forming a new text of Shakspere, based on the Folio of 1623. This was done, and Mr. Bryant's preface written, when, by a singular coincidence, the joint editors both died in the same year (1878). The enterprise was not abandoned, and is now about to be put on the subscription market by H. J. Johnson and J. M. Stodart. There will be twenty-five "sections" in the issue, and each will contain four photogravures from designs in oil by F. O. C. Darley and A. Chappel. The form selected is quarto. Mr. Bryant's preface is before us, and one can but regret that he did not live to see the proofs when we find this ungrammatical construction attributed to such a purist—"of whomsoever would undertake it"—and (shade of Wordsworth!) this line from the "Laodameia":

"An ampler ether, a *durner* [diviner] air."

The first number of Gen. John C. Frémont's 'Memoirs of My Life' (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.) has appeared. It contains portraits of the Pathfinder and his wife, of Senator Benton, Thomas Jefferson, and Napoleon (the last two, no doubt, as being concerned in the Louisiana sale and purchase which made Frémont a Western explorer), sundry views on steel of Western scenery, and other illustrations. Mrs. Frémont contributes a biographical sketch of her father, and Gen. Frémont begins his Memoirs with a singular indifference to space and time, for he does not mention the place or date of his birth. His narrative makes popular reading, and promises to be tolerably discursive. We must reserve our judgment upon it till it is complete. *His vindication as a Presidential candidate and a* soldier is, he says, one of his chief motives in writing.

A. C. Armstrong & Son's fall announcements include 'Shakspere's Dramatic Works and Poems, with Glossary and Life,' by J. Talfourd Blair—a tiny edition; 'The Legendary History of the Cross,' containing facsimiles of nearly 100 woodcuts from a Dutch work of 1483; 'Poets in the Garden,' by May Crommelin; 'How to Form a Library,' by Henry B. Wheatley; 'A Budget of Letters from Japan,' by Arthur C. Maclay; and 'On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters,' by Linda Villari.

Mr. Arthur Gilman's 'Story of the Saracens,' shortly to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will contain a bibliography of works on Islam such as, *it is believed, has never been made in* English. Mr. Mallock's forthcoming 'The Old Order Changes' is a *Tendenz* novel of the day, in which the sermon and the drama of life are judiciously combined, as is usual with this lively writer.

Mr. George J. Coombes will publish shortly M. Alfred Stevens's 'Impressions of Painting,' translated by Miss Charlotte Adams with the author's permission. Miss Adams will provide a sketch of the painter's life and work, and M. Stevens has written a special introduction for this American edition.

Mr. Frank H. Hill, lately editor of the London *Daily News*, and author of the 'Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield,' has engaged to write the life of Canning for Mr. Andrew Lang's series of "English Worthies."

Dates are conspicuously absent from the reissue of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's 'Book of Eloquence,' a boys' "speaker". (Boston: Lee & Shepard). The state of the plates betokens an honorable age, and there is internal evidence that

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the work was compiled early in the fifties. It is a good book still, yet not such a one as the compiler would put together at the present day. It affords food for much reflection on the change that has taken place in literary taste and judgment since this purveying was done for youthful declaimers, in the rank of the writers on Mr. Warner's list, and in the quality of the Congressional and forensic oratory which stood him in such good stead.

The handy and dangerously pretty edition of Thackeray of which J. B. Lippincott Co. are the American publishers, has just been continued with two volumes of 'Pendennis.'

G. P. Putnam's Sons have reprinted in a single volume the two parts of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's 'American Citizen's Manual.'

Thousands who have laughed at "Box and Cox," or acted in it on the amateur stage, could not name the author or his other plays. This classic farce and six companion pieces have just been published in Harper's Handy Series, under the title 'Comediettas and Farces, by John Maddison Morton.' Mr. Clement Scott furnishes a biographical preface, in which he traces the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership to "Box and Cox" (through Burnand's "Cox and Box"). The veteran playwright himself, whose genial portrait is prefixed, makes a modest bow to his latest audience; and it is to be hoped that the proceeds of the American, as well as of the English, edition may benefit Mr. Morton, who is now a "poor brother," ending his days in the Charterhouse.

Two pocket-atlases of the world reach us at the same time. One, of English make, and published here by the Messrs. Putnam, holds fifty-four double-page maps, giving the larger features and more important places of the several countries, and the following cities and their environs: London, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and New York. Some prefatory tables contain useful statistics. No railroad routes are shown on the maps. In this last respect, but in hardly any other, the maps in Rand, McNally & Co.'s 'Pocket-Atlas of the World' (Chicago)—a second, enlarged edition, by the way—are superior, until we come to the United States, when the scale is larger, and each State has a separate map. On the other hand, the descriptive matter is vastly more abundant, and colored diagrams are used to illustrate agricultural and other products. The English atlas is, in a word, for the tourist, the American rather for the commercial traveller.

From Frank S. Thayer, No. 313 Sixteenth Street, Denver, Col., we have received a dainty little eight-leaved souvenir, "In Memoriam Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.)." The text describes the grave of this philanthropic poetess, and there are delicate heliotype views of Cheyenne Mountain, Pine Hill Forest, and Mrs. Jackson's residence at Colorado Springs, besides a pleasing portrait of herself.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's 'Fortune's Fool,' Mr. Bret Harte's 'Snowbound at Eagle's,' and Mr. Samuel Longfellow's biography of his brother, are the latest American additions to the Tauchnitz series.

The seventh annual report of the Archæological Institute of America is brief but eloquent, for it tells of the assurance of the erection of the building for the American School at Athens, for which Prof. Wm. R. Ware has already prepared the plans. Flattering accounts are given of the results of the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia under Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward, soon to be made public; of Dr. Sterrett's recent and future activity in Asia Minor (thanks again to the liberality of Miss C. L. Wolfe); and of explorations about to be undertaken in the eastern part of the same Turkish dependency, near the seat of the Hittite kingdom, by Mr. J. H. Haynes, the photographic colleague of Dr. Ward and Mr. Sterrett in Babylonia. The final report of Mr. A. F. Bandelier on the past and present condition of the Indians in our Southwestern States is awaited with great interest. For future Old World expeditions (which will have the School at Athens for a base), the Council favor Tarentum or the Cyrenaica. A larger membership and permanent funds are, as heretofore, in order.

The first official report made by a medical officer on Corea will be found in the thirtieth issue of the Medical Reports published by the Imperial Maritime Customs at Shanghai. In a few pages, Dr. N. H. Allen gives an admirable sketch of the situation of the city of Seoul, its natural advantages for drainage and the neglect of them, the climate, the mode of house-building and house-warming; and then passes in review the various ailments of the population, in which malaria (in all its forms) is the most unexpected, and typhoid fever noticeably missing, though by all rules it ought to be very prevalent. "Smallpox is universal," but no treatment is asked for it "unless the eye is becoming seriously affected. The little patients are carried about the streets on the backs of their nurses with great unconcern." Dr. Allen praises the stone-lenses of Corean manufacture for eye-glasses, which are all convex. They cost nearly $100.

An 'Index to the *China Review* from volumes i to xii' (Hongkong) has come to hand. It will be welcome, though hardly as convenient and useful as it might have been made by a little more skill.

The September number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* contains a very suggestive paper by Prof. Meiklejohn on "History, Poetry, etc., in Geographical Names." In it he shows the traces of Celts, Romans, Teutons, and Norsemen in Great Britain by the names especially of the rivers and towns. Rivers, he remarks, retain their names longer than any other natural feature, there being "hardly a single river-name in the whole of Great Britain that is not Celtic." This is followed by an historical and scientific description of the "Exploration of the Antarctic Regions," by John Murray of the *Challenger* Expedition. There have been but five expeditions to these regions, the last and most successful being that of Sir James Ross in 1839-43, though the *Challenger* crossed the Antarctic Circle in 1874. The great obstacle to the exploration of the land is not so much the ice as the lack of any harbor. "Where the coast is low there is a line of perpendicular icy cliffs, 150 to 200 feet in height," known as the "Ice-barrier," but where it is mountainous the coast is protected by land-ice a few feet above the level of the sea and extending many miles from the shore. No vegetable life on the land has yet been discovered, but at the surface of the ocean microscopic plants "are met with in enormous abundance." The color of the icebergs is magnificent: "The crevices, caves, and hollows are of the deepest and purest azure blue; at night they have a luminous glow." Mr. Murray considers it conclusively proved that there is an Antarctic continent considerably larger than Australia, with an ice-cap possibly "several miles in thickness near the pole." The paper is accompanied by a very beautiful "equal-surface projection" map. It seems probable that an expedition will soon be sent to explore these regions, the Premier of Victoria having recently said, in reply to a deputation which urged its expediency, that "the Government would be willing to grant a subsidy to aid scientific discovery, and that he would ask the other colonies to do the same."

Science for September 24 has an instructive communication from W. J. McGee, on certain features of the Charleston earthquake as observed by him. Four pen-drawings after photographs illustrate the water craters produced, and various torsions and displacements of buildings and monuments. A phenomenon which just antedated the earthquake—the disastrous overflow of an artesian well of which control had been lost, at Belle Plaine, Iowa—is described and illustrated by T. C. Chamberlain, and shown to be very simple and unmysterious, though happily rare.

A premium of "50 mark=62.50 frcs.=2½£=12.50$=25 Roobl." (astronomers will please take notice) is offered by "Augustus Tischner, Marschnerstrasse 7, Leipsic, frco., until Mai 1st, 1887," for the best answer to the following questions: "(1) Why do the astronomers consider the sun as being 'at rest,' while they are knowing and teaching that the sun moves? Laplace says: 'The sun moves at least with the velocity of the earth in its orbit.' (2) The sun moving and being not fixed, is the Copernican intuition of the world tenable yet now-a-days? (3) Are the astronomers right to assert that Astronomy stands or falls with the system of Copernicus, and that no other system, even by way of trial, can or may be established?" Herr Tischner announces further that "the decision about which of the concurrents shall receive the premium will be committed to the 'Astronomical Society,' which in September of 1887 will hold its assembly." If the Astronomische Gesellschaft can be induced to essay this decision, it may be hoped that Herr Tischner himself will compete for the premium, and that the Gesellschaft may see the propriety of recognizing him as the successful "concurrent."

We have before us two numbers of the *Antiquary* (D. G. Francis). The first article in the August number is by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, upon the historic streets of Plymouth, in which it is interesting to note that municipal governments in England are fond of changing old traditionary names for more sounding ones, just as they are here. Probably the most valuable article is the Rev. J. C. Atkinson's "Notes on Common-Field Names," a series commenced in an earlier number and continued in the September number, and constituting an invaluable aid and commentary to the study of early land institutions. These curious names have been collected with great industry and carefully classified, and their meanings are explained, partly on etymological grounds, partly by old customs. Frequent reference is made to Mr. Seebohm's treatise upon English Village Communities. Another learned and important article in the September number is upon "The Multiplication of Surnames," by Arthur Folkard. The several circumstances which have caused an original name to assume the utmost diversity of shapes are described (not always with sufficient illustration), and at the end we have an elaborate tabulation of the several forms of the writer's own name, *Folkard=Folk-ward*, and some other names of the same character. These two articles afford abundant material for etymological study. There is also an illustrated article of considerable length on "The O'Meaghers of Skerrin"; and another, valuable for its statistics, upon the "Accounts of Henry VI."

Two books recently published in Paris will interest American readers. One is 'La Guerre de Sécession: 1861-1865,' by M. Ernest Grasset, with a preface by M. Victor Duruy. The other is 'Yorktown—Centénaire de l'indépendance des États-Unis d'Amérique, 1781-1881,' by the Marquis de Rochambeau.

H. W. Müller, Berlin, will shortly publish a 'Deutsches Stil-Musterbuch,' or book of "elegant extracts," compiled by Dr. Daniel Sanders in the spirit of his long list of works for the better appreciation and understanding of his mother-tongue. He has restricted his selections, which are mostly complete, not fragmentary, to the pe-

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riod from Lessing to Goethe's death; a second volume may be hereafter devoted to more recent models of literary style. Dr. Sanders's annotations have been carefully written in pure Teutonic "bis an die äusserste Grenze des zur Zeit Erreichbaren," and a special index has been made for them. With reluctance he has adopted the public-school orthography.

B. Westermann & Co. are able to supply to intending bidders a portion of a catalogue of a sale of incunabula at Cologne in the latter part of next month. (The whole will appear too late for American buyers.) They will also undertake to bid for these five rarities—the first printed letter of Columbus on the discovery of America, from the press of Stephan Planck (Rome, 1493), which was reprinted in the same year; a Latin-German vocabulary printed in 1469 from Gutenberg's types; P. Schoeffer's 'Liber VI. Decretalium,' on vellum, 1473; a Carthusian missal of 1490; and a block-book (uncolored), 'Historia Beatæ Mariæ Virginis,' which has never before come upon the market, and which is almost as curious for its argument (drawn from classical examples) in defence of the Immaculate Conception as for its mode of production and its art.

In our account of the "Workingmen's Scheme of Minority Representation" (see *Nation*, September 16), we were guilty of an oversight in not noticing that article xliii of the proposed amendments provides for the extension of the plan to the House of Representatives, dividing the State for this purpose, if it should be thought desirable, into six districts.

—*Harper's* for October opens with a pleasantly written sketch of the English country in the sporting season, with some characteristic full-page scenes. Contributions upon the various great branches of our National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, and upon United States Naval Artillery, are also prominent by their completeness of illustration and compact and exact information. The body-article of the number, however, from the pen of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is a history of the ancient city of Tanis, which the successful excavations of Mr. Petrie, conducted by means of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, have recently made widely known as an Egyptian Pompeii sunk in the marshy desert which once was the garden of its prosperity. An added interest was felt in these discoveries, perhaps, because a portion of the find was destined to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and some of the objects already deposited therein are here reproduced; but, apart from this, Mr. Petrie's work was sufficiently striking and novel in its results to awaken a lively curiosity in it as from time to time it has been partially described in the public prints. In this paper the whole story of Tanis, as it is recovered from the monuments, is told with full knowledge and intelligence, and with an entertaining style and a tact in selection and order which deserves mention in a popular archæological study, though we cannot but regard certain cuts, out of the fancy of the artist—such as the Hottentot flight from the burning city—as meretricious and degrading to the text. Tanis had a long history, and of it very little survives. Perhaps something more could have been learned had its ruins not served as a hunting-ground for the early seekers after curiosities, who scattered their treasures, now anonymous, to the four parts of the earth; but since Mariette brought science to the spot, great care has been taken in handling the relics, and enough remains to make the city, through a period of some four thousand years, a type reflecting all the phases of Egyptian historical life, till its destruction in the Christian era.

—Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, make two additions to Emersoniana. One, 'The Optimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by William F. Dana, is a Bowdoin Prize Essay, and shows such comprehensiveness of view and acquaintance with the thoughts of others as to entitle it to a prize. The other, 'Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Maternal Ancestors, with some Reminiscences of Him,' by David Greene Haskins, D.D., is a careful genealogical study, combined with some of those odds and ends of information about a man which are apt to escape a biography, although they are full of interest and illustration. The author is Emerson's cousin. The substance of the pamphlet, it is stated, appeared in the August numbers of the *Literary World*. Its contents afford some social views of old Boston. The letter written by Madam Bradford of Cambridge, now in her ninety-fifth year, describing the household of Emerson's parents, is an incomparably fine vignette in its kind, and the sketches of the surroundings and doings of the Emerson boys from other sources are entertaining. There is, too, a just and feeling tribute to Edward Emerson's short labors in early manhood. In a literary way, Dr. Haskins has a striking remark upon his classmate Thoreau. In college, he says, Thoreau showed no promise, but upon his first meeting with him after graduation at Concord he was "startled by the transformation that had taken place in him. His short figure and general cast of countenance were of course unchanged; but in his manners, in the tones and inflections of his voice, in his modes of expression, even in the hesitations and pauses of his speech, he had become the counterpart of Mr. Emerson." It has sometimes been thought that Thoreau lent Emerson his own eye for concrete nature. Of this pamphlet, which booksellers would call "curious," only 350 copies are printed.

—The formation is announced of an association of the graduates and former members of the Harvard Law School, with a view "to advance the cause of legal education, and to promote the interests and increase the usefulness" of that institution. The organization was happily begun on Friday last at a meeting in Boston, over which Mr. George O. Shattuck presided. "The atmosphere of the School," he said, tersely and with almost literal truth, "is fatal to idleness, and stimulates to the highest endeavor." On November 5, the day before the College solemnities of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary begin, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., will give an oration before the Association. Excellent results have attended the attempts to apply more thorough and scientific methods to the study of law at Harvard. Those who wish to encourage these attempts, to see them continued and bettered, and to make sure that the great School maintains its old fame in the only way which is worthy of it, namely, by constantly improving upon itself, may well unite in this plan to strengthen it—keeping alive the interest of its graduates and former members in the thorough study and honorable practice of the law. The plans of the Association include an annual meeting of its members. All graduates and former members of the School may become members of the Association by sending their names, with the initiation fee of one dollar, to the Treasurer, Winthrop H. Wade, 10 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

—The 'Catalogue of the Hebrew Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library,' compiled by Ad. Neubauer, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford (Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan, 1886), is a monument of learning and labor worthy of the institution which issues it. It describes, with extraordinary minuteness, 2,602 codices, grouped under the heads of Biblical MSS.; Translations of the Bible; Midrash and its Commentaries; Commentaries and Super-Commentaries; Talmud, Halakhah; Talmud, Agadah; Liturgies and their Commentaries; Theology, Philosophy, and Ethics: Masorah, Grammar, and Lexicography; Kabbalah; Poetry and Rhymed Prose; Mathematics, Astronomy, Astrology, Magic, and Cosmography; Medicine; and Miscellaneous. Indexes are added of authors, translators, family names, titles of writings, scribes, owners, witnesses, censors, geographical names, etc. The whole forms a very handsomely printed quarto volume embracing about 1,200 columns (mostly two to a page), accompanied by a collection in folio of forty 'Facsimiles. . . illustrating the Various Forms of Rabbinical Characters, with Transcriptions,' grandly executed and revised with the utmost care. Inaccuracies of Hebrew spelling or construction strike one often enough, but they are owing to the blundering of authors or copyists, whose words are rendered unaltered in the brief extracts used for characterizing the contents. Misprints for which the learned compiler or his colaborers (whose existence the stupendousness of the task compels us to suppose) can be made responsible are astonishingly rare—a merit fully appreciable only when we consider that the Catalogue contains nearly 50,000 lines of mixed Hebrew and English, parts of which are read from right to left and parts from left to right, and that each transfer of a word or words from one line to another which a correction in the Hebrew may have necessitated had to be done from the (to the compositor) wrong end of the words. To this perplexing difficulty is owing, on page 210, the disorder in which the Hebrew words answering to "Pentateuch," "Prophets," and "Hagiographa" are placed in juxtaposition with these English terms. On p. 150, "Shul'han Ora'h" apparently stands for 'Shul'han Arukh.' The date "1204" assigned in the Preface (p. vii) to the earliest manuscript in the Library appears from the disquisition on the age of the first codex to stand for 1104. The Preface enumerates the various collections of Hebrew manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, including manuscripts written with Hebrew characters in Arabic and other languages. The chief are: Collection "Laud," Archbishop Laud's, presented to Oxford University in 1635-40; "Seld.," bequeathed by John Selden in 1654; "Marsh.," bequeathed by Thomas Marshall in 1685; "Hunt.," bought from Bishop Huntington in 1693; "Poc.," Prof. Pococke's, bought, after his death, in 1693; "Opp.," the great library of Rabbi Oppenheimer of Prague, bought in 1829; and "Mich.," collected by H. J. Michael, of Hamburg, and bought by the University from A. Asher & Co., in 1848.

—In the Milan *Perseveranza* of September 5, we find an anecdote of Count Rostoptchin which, besides being somewhat curious in itself, effectually clears up a short poem of Goethe that has been imperfectly understood. The lines are to be found in the Hempel edition of Goethe, vol. ii, page 454, where they are dated 1823 and superscribed "An Fräulein Casimira Wotowska"; they read thus:

> "Dein Testament vertheilt die holden Gaben
> Womit Natur Dich mütterlich vollendet,
> Vermächtniss nach Vermächtniss ausgespendet,
> Zufrieden jeder, seinen Theil zu haben;
> Doch wenn Du Glückliche zu machen trachtest,
> So wär' es der, dem Du Dich ganz vermachtest."

Hitherto we have had to content ourselves with Goethe's own note, which is this: "Frl. Wotowska, sister of Mme. Szymanowska, tormented by certain, perhaps imaginary, sufferings, handsome and agreeable, withal melancholy and given to talking of death. A witty friend had written in her album a testament in which she bequeaths her highly amiable characteristics and distinctions one by one to various different individuals." It now appears from the *Perseveranza* (we have alighted upon the same matter nowhere else, and the Italian journal does not give its authority), that the "witty friend" referred to by Goethe

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was Count Rostoptchin, famous as Governor-General of Moscow at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. In 1823 Rostoptchin took the waters at Carlsbad, and while there was one day requested by Mlle. Casimira Wotowska to write something in her album. The lady was a fine musician and a great social favorite, and the Count, who was now a sexagenarian with the reputation of being somewhat bearish, complied by writing the petitioner's last will and testament, in substance as follows: "Being reduced to extremities by excess of health, and anticipating the approach of Mme. la Mort to the bed where I enjoy my tranquil slumbers, I herewith make my will, naming as my executor in this world Signor Rossini, and in the other Herr Händel. I bequeath my wit to the first young woman that loses hers; my soul to the egotists; my heart to the rich; my love for my sister to her sons; my eyes to the young women who go through the world unnoticed; my teeth to the women whose ugliness makes people afraid of them: my form to the dowerless orphans; my glance to the unlucky mothers who are compelled to ask favors for their sons; and the cup from which I drink the waters of Carlsbad to the first king that comes along." This testament is dated Cape of Good Hope, July 19, 1823, signed Casimira Wotowska, and attested by Fedor, Count Rostoptchin. A short time afterwards the Wotowska journeyed to Marienbad and there made the acquaintance of Goethe. Upon presenting her album to him she was favored with the verses quoted above. She was, however, obliged to confess that she knew no German and to ask the poet to translate his lines for her. This he promised to do, adding, according to the authority of Casimira's sister, that it was the first time in his life that he had ever done such a thing. The next day the Polish lady received from Goethe the following:

"Ton testament distribue les dons précieux
Dont la nature perfectionna ton être,
Legs sur legs généreusement designées,
Chacun est très-content du lot qui lui est échu;
Mais si c'était l'intention de rendre heureux,
Celui-là le serait à qui tu voudrais léguer l'ensemble."

A SOUTHERN ABOLITIONIST.

The Life of Cassius Marcellus Clay. Memoirs, Writings, and Speeches, etc. By Himself. Vol. i. Cincinnati: J. Fletcher Brennan & Co. 1886.

To the generation that knows not Joseph, Mr. Clay makes a pathetic appeal for recognition if not remembrance. "Quorum —— pars fui," he says on his title-page, of "the overthrow of American slavery, the salvation of the Union, and the restoration of the autonomy of the States." "Quorum magna pars fui," he says, on p. 427, of emancipation and a restored Union consequent upon the fall of Richmond. Every schoolboy knows the names of Seward, Grant, Lincoln, and John Brown; but alas that he should be ignorant, till he reads this autobiography, that Cassius Clay "did more than any man to overthrow slavery" (p. 462); that he "carried Indiana for Lincoln, and thus saved the election" in 1860 (p. 251); that he "voluntarily volunteered to save Washington from capture, and did so," in April, 1861 (p. 462); that he persuaded Lincoln to adopt John Quincy Adams's view of the Government's right to interfere with slavery under the "war power" (p. 301), and hence was the real inspirer of the Emancipation Proclamation of 1862 (pp. 301, 312); that "all now admit" that his work as Minister to Russia "saved us from the united invasion of France, Spain, and England against Mexico, and thus saved the Union" (p. 219). Surely only a gigantic conspiracy could have suppressed the fame of so indispensable a factor in the history of the past half century. In truth, was not advantage taken of his absence from Chicago in 1860 to choose another Vice-President on the ticket with Lincoln (p. 249)? Did not intrigues deprive him of the post of Secretary of War, "to which public sentiment and the President himself had pointed" (p. 253)? Was it not Seward who prevented his getting the English mission (p. 255); and the same Seward who recalled him from Russia, in favor of Simon Cameron—a mere blind for the ambition of Bayard Taylor (pp. 298, 326)? Did not Halleck crush his military aspirations by forcing him to resign his major-generalship or be sent to New Orleans, "where the yellow fever was prevailing, in the heat of September," 1862 (p. 315)? Did not Henry Wilson, writing his 'Rise and Fall of the Slave Power' after Mr. Clay "had taken sides in favor of the autonomy of the South," in the reconstruction era, understate his part in improvising the defence of Washington?

Worse than this remains to be told. His physical prowess, his Southern readiness to take life in self-defence or in "vindicating" himself or free speech, has brought upon him only denunciation or oblivion. He emerged, severely wounded, from one of these encounters, in which he disembowelled a pro-slavery assailant who had provoked a quarrel on the stump, and one of the "Abolition cranks" of New England, he says, "regretted that I had not been killed." They were always wanting to make a martyr of him:

"When John Brown went down into Virginia and foolishly lost his life, he became a hero with the long-haired abolitionists; but when I fell in the defence of freedom of speech and the liberties of all men, these fellows shed tears, not because I triumphed, but because I used arms and was not killed! And the same idea was held by Bismarck's paid historian, Von Holst. If I had been killed by the mob at Lexington, I would have held a prime position in the world's eye; but, as I was wise enough to live, and to cause slavery to die, he consigns me to the place of a footnote! For the tyrants of Europe hate me as much as the tyrants of America."

This passage throws a flood of light not only on Mr. Clay's character, but upon the philosophy of the anti-slavery movement. The long-haired cranks to whom Mr. Clay was indebted for most and the nobler part of his reputation with his own generation—and but for whom, indeed, his maintaining himself as he did in Kentucky would in all probability have been impossible (for they added Northern public sentiment to his side-arms and cannon)—saw their cause advance by passive resistance to mobs, by suffering and death. Converts multiplied on the heels of triumphant violence; and the three great waves of feeling which carried forward the Northern purpose to oppose the Slave Power at all hazards, were those produced by the killing of Lovejoy, the beating of Sumner, and the hanging of John Brown. On the other hand, what did the militant Clay achieve in his own community, prepared to judge him and respect him by the common standard of passionate violence, that was comparable to the anti-slavery impulse given by the Grimké sisters, by J. G. Birney and W. H. Brisbane, who shook the dust of their native soil from their feet, and sought homes and a firm fulcrum against slavery in the free North? "A *hope* gleams across my mind," wrote Angelina Grimké to the editor of the *Liberator* during the "Reign of Terror" of 1835, "that *our* blood will be spilt, instead of the slaveholders'; *our* lives will be taken and theirs spared." Her correspondent, on the eve of the mob preparing for him in Boston, thought this spirit "Christ-like," nor did he view it differently after he had been snatched from a fate like Lovejoy's. Mr. Clay, uniting moral with physical courage, but relying on the latter, failed to weaken the system of slavery in Kentucky in any particular. Nothing came of his Emancipation Convention at Frankfort in 1849; and the next year "was made that infamous (1850) Constitution which to this day defies the National organic law—holding that the right of the slaveholder to his 'slave and the increase' is 'higher' than any other human or divine law!" (p. 187) and making "the slave clause perpetual" (p. 206). No other State, so far as we are aware, preserves this extraordinary anomaly.

It is no part of our intention to belittle Mr. Clay's services in behalf of emancipation, beginning with the liberation of his own slaves. They were heroic, and will not be forgotten. But it was his destiny to exemplify the utter futility of resisting the Slave Power on its own proper territory, even with its own weapons, and to justify the wisdom of the abolitionists, who attacked it, not beyond its reach, indeed, but still from a safe distance and without a foolhardy exposure to martyrdom. Mr. Clay did as much as any one could have done in the same situation—probably more, considering the logical looseness of his attitude towards slavery, and the want of a fundamental belief in the brotherhood of man. His explanation of his enlisting in the Mexican war, though he knew it to have been caused by the annexation of Texas, and he had denounced annexation as a scheme to promote the security and extension of slavery, is the clearest proof of his defective principle, as well as a half-amusing, half-melancholy instance of incoherent expediency. "Kentuckians," he says, "being exceptionally, from their early history, fond of military glory, I hoped by the Mexican War to strengthen myself so much that I could take the stump, where I would be an overmatch for all my foes; when, if deemed necessary, the *True American* could be located at some point secure against mobs, and act as an ally of public discussion. The result proved that I was right."

On the cover of this volume is stamped a copy of the nude bust of the author made by Joel Hart, the Kentucky sculptor. It is symbolic of the intimate revelations of himself which Mr. Clay permits, and which often go to the extreme of naïveté. Taken together, they form a valuable study of Southern character as moulded by slavery. We cannot touch upon them, least of all upon those domestic troubles which have so embittered Mr. Clay's declining years. The account of his life in Russia is decidedly the most entertaining part of his rambling narrative, and makes one long for the view of him which some one of his diplomatic colleagues may have preserved in his diary or his private letters. The unconsciousness with which he contrasts his fitness for the coveted English mission with Mr. Adams's, is refreshingly characteristic. There are not a few quotable and suggestive anecdotes and judgments, if we had room for them. The following may serve as an example:

"I heard Webster at Boston, and again at Lexington, Ky. He always spoke sense, but never excited enthusiasm. His thoughts were ever upon great speeches; Clay's upon great events. Webster used the money of his friends, and his friends themselves, as the priests of old. 'The earth and the fulness thereof belonged to the saints; we are the saints, and therefore these are all ours.' He reminded me of Homer's Cyclops, who made his sheep his companions by day, and supped upon one or more of them each night! He even drew upon them after death, and made his will full of bequests which were to be levied upon his friends.

"Altogether different was Henry Clay—exact and punctilious in monied matters to a fault. When in generous hospitality he had expended his great earnings as a criminal advocate and judicious farmer, and went to the banks at Lexington to find out his debt, that he might sell Ashland and pay it off, he was told that he had none: his unknown friends had, without his knowledge, cancelled all. His answer was—tears!"

A disorderly mass of letters from various celebrities contains a gem of the first water from the historian Alison. It bears date of May 21, 1861:

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"Had a National Church been provided by Gen. Washington, coherence would have been given to the various States of the Union; but, as that was not done, a disruption in the long run was the inevitable result. There is no example in history of a great nation being produced without a National Church; and if the States desire to see their nation attain the height of power and splendor they anticipate, they must begin the work of regeneration by founding a National Church. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way; but I think I have shown in my work on Civilization, and in the pamphlet which accompanies this letter, that these are not insurmountable. . . .

"You think the idea of converting the United States into a monarchy a very improbable result; but if you refer to the letter of the *Times* correspondent, in which he states that there is a universal feeling in Charleston for a monarchy, you will perceive that, so far as the South is concerned, the idea is likely to be realized."

After all, one closes this book with kindly feelings towards the much-daring and much-suffering author—magnanimous, we are convinced, and not mercenary, and with a love of nature that now and again tinges his pages with the most unexpected charm:

"I write in the house in which I was born. It is a well-burned brick structure, with heavy range work of Kentucky marble and gray limestone, and of the Grecian style, having three porticos of imperfect Corinthian and Doric columns. It was added to after 1861; but the old building, after the English manner, was preserved almost intact. Even at that day, though there were many homesteads, the original forests in near proximity to the mansion were almost unbroken by the axe. The tulip, walnut, ash, Kentucky coffee-bean, beech, and other magnificent trees, rose at places to sixty feet without a limb, with native vines carried up with their growth perhaps centuries old. The surface, ever undulating, was clothed in the ravines with the native cane, twelve feet or more high, as seemingly impenetrable as an East Indian jungle. But most of the surface under the trees was bare, and brown with fallen leaves the year round, covered with exquisite wild flowers in summer, and steady light snows in winter. The plum, the black haw, the May-apple, the paw-paw, the persimmon, the hickory, the walnut, hack-berries, and wild grapes were found in profusion. The rivulets, in almost every ravine, were ever fresh and perennial from the vast reservoir of the forest humus; and fish were found in the very springs, as they bubbled up in never-ceasing music; whilst birds of every color and song, the chattering squirrel, and the scream of the hawk, made all nature harmonious in its full development."

The child is father of the man. In the same house, reduced in fortune, abandoned by his wife, separated from his children, betrayed by his servants, in the evening of his days he writes (and we cannot withhold our sympathy):

"So I sought companionship with the flowers and trees and shrubs, and with all vegetable and animal life; with books and paintings and statuary—the dread memorials of those who live no more. I gathered about me dogs and improved live stock, and pigeons and barn-fowls, and the mute fishes—the flora and the fauna; and, seeking near communion with all life, I nailed a crumb-box on the tree at my library-window, where I fed the birds winter and summer—enticing the wild redbirds by my kindness, till these shyest of our songsters, generally retiring to remote and inaccessible ravines and bushy hills, came to be my every-day companions.

"But at night I was left all the more alone—till I often opened wide the shutters that the bats should enter to pick the flies, as is their wont, from the walls; and their fluttering—life, life—was a great pleasure to me. So I sat long under the trees, looking at the moon and stars, and speculating upon the *Cosmos*, and things beyond the scope of mortal intellect—seeing that the finite can never grasp the infinite. There, too, I was baffled—like Manfred, calling for sympathy with the mute worlds in vain! Had I been worse than other men, and was this the punishment of violated law? Was it of God, or of man? If of man, then I will contend with man—I will assert my eternal defence! And if from Fate, then will I 'wage with fortune an eternal war!'"

RECENT NOVELS.

The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Not in the Prospectus. By Parke Danforth. [The Riverside Paper Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Politician's Daughter. By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. D. Appleton & Co.

Justina. [No Name Series.] Boston: Roberts Bros.

Love and Luck. The Story of a Summer's Loitering on the Great South Bay. By Robert Barnwell Roosevelt. Harper & Bros.

Mr. Desmond, U. S. A. By John Coulter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Fall of Asgard. By Julian Corbett. Harper's Handy Series.

The King's Treasure House: A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Wilhelm Walloth. From the German by Mary J. Safford. William S. Gottsberger.

MR. HARDY has evidently taken up with fatalism. The characters of his novel are the puppets of chance, blown hither and thither by the wind of destiny, powerless to resist their fate. "What is to be will be. Praise be to Allah!" is a modest creed, yet pleasant if one consider it; one that obviates the necessity of our shouldering responsibility and affords excuse for our failures. But if one hold with Tennyson that man is man and master of his fate, he will be very apt to grow impatient with Mr. Hardy's little episodes of love at first sight, his inconsequent situations, his excess of art and lack of matter. For in novel writing as in actual life the creed of the fatalist is but a weak evasion, an ungenerous refusal to take the consequences and by strength and character make the best of them. And yet 'The Wind of Destiny' is far from being a bad novel. One cannot, of course, expect every story which "turns out the wrong way" to be a genuinely powerful tragedy; but, for the absence of intense dramatic interest, one expects compensation in the way of pathos or surprise, and this Mr. Hardy has managed to give. In spite of a shadowy uncertainty which veils the chief characters, there is a genuineness about honest Jack Temple which, just in time, saves the story from seeming unreal. His is indeed the pathetic figure of the tale, though the lonely Schonberg, with his sad memories, seems to have been meant for the rôle. And it is to Jack also that one's sympathies go out, rather than to Rowan Ferguson, the painter, when the happiness of both is destroyed by the weak woman who had loved Rowan and married Jack. There is a quiet nobleness sometimes in the aspect of an every-day man of business who is capable of deep feeling, and of showing it without ostentation, that is dear to the American heart; and though Mr. Hardy depends largely upon his fatalism to replace natural motives, the misery of Jack Temple is plainly apparent and very touching.

'Not in the Prospectus' will doubtless be voted "rather slow" by most readers, and it certainly is a little tedious now and then following a bunch of Joy tourists through the trials of sea-sickness, foreign hotels, bad weather, and the regulation mishaps of a party sight-seeing by contract. Even the humorously drawn figures of Mr. Messer and Valeria Tubbs could not enliven the entire trip, and it is only when the heroine is disabled by a lucky accident and left behind that the love-affair, not down on Mr. Joy's catalogues, begins to take form and revive the lagging interest. There is a homely, unpretentious tone about the book which marks it off from the sort of novel just now very much in vogue—the tiresomely brilliant. The members of Mr. Joy's party of tourists are quite simple in their mediocrity; they do not trouble one with quotations from the poets or with philosophical remarks after Balzac, and Mr. Messer's efforts after cultivation through travel are too amusing to grow heavy.

'A Politician's Daughter' is a fair sample of the tiresomely brilliant novel. The heroine knows her 'Rubáiyát,' and thinks that "Omar rails at heaven and smiles at eternity sardonically through the most perfect verse"—Fitzgerald's translation, we suppose; and the criminal lawyer drinks his wine after reciting to her the very appropriate lines to Saki. One of the characters remarks, upon hearing a political speech, "he reminds me of *Gratiano*, because he talks such 'an infinite deal of nothing'"; and one smiles in sympathy while reading the passage. The story, when stripped of padding, is very slight. The heroine, the daughter of a Senator who had once accepted a block of railroad stock for his "influence," is in love with a young Bostonian, while the partner to her father's dishonest act wants her to marry his son, and threatens to expose the Senator if she should refuse. The timely death of her father and the generosity of her unwelcome suitor relieve her from the predicament, and the young Bostonian is made happy.

There is evidence of an earnest effort to do good work in 'Justina.' The story is not one that seems to tell itself, but one that requires careful, patient labor, and no little skill, to work out with even partial success. A more modest writer, perhaps, would have thought of Charlotte Brontë's novel, and would have left the story unwritten; indeed, the similarity between the plots is so great that 'Justina' cannot help but suffer by comparison with 'Jane Eyre' in the mind of any one who reads them both.

Mr. Roosevelt has either a remarkable memory for little facts or a thorough system of taking notes. The amount of out-of-the-way information concerning mossbunkers, puff-balls, sea-robins, and a hundred other curious creatures met with by the *Morning Glory* party during their summer's fishing trip, is astonishing. It is information so very much out of the way, however, that one may be excused for not finding it edifying, and for turning to the rambling, unskilful story, made up of love and luck, for what little interest and amusement there is in the book.

Judging from results, Mr. Coulter has unfortunately chosen a subject to which he is incapable of doing justice. The old story of woman's frailty and man's baseness cannot be baldly told without offence. There are certain facts in life to which one cannot, perhaps ought not, shut one's eyes; yet it is always questionable if anything but harm is done by dragging them into notice. From any standpoint, however, it would be impossible to praise the book, which shows a lack of the literary sense remarkable even among unknown novelists. It seems hurriedly and carelessly done, as if novel-writing were a pastime for patch-workers, instead of an art for earnest people to study long and faithfully.

The novelist who writes of times long past is at a disadvantage which is difficult to estimate. He may have more room for romance, for adventures and surprises; the prosaic limitations of every-day life may not hamper him; but, not to speak of the task of imagining and working out the setting for a story of the ancient Egyptians or the old Norsemen, there is always, in the mind of the reader of such a story, a feeling of alienism towards the characters that is hard—almost impossible—for the writer to overcome. Mr. Corbett has signally failed to overcome it. In reading 'The Fall of Asgard,' one is interested by the scenes and the incidents; one is pleased at learning without much labor a little of old

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Norse history and of the laws and customs of the ancient Dane; but that is all. The close human interest which gives the truest worth to all work of the imagination is not there.

The children of Israel serving in bondage to the Egyptians are even further from the understanding and sympathy of the nineteenth century Anglo-Saxon than Earl Swend or Olaf Haraldsson; and the story of 'The King's Treasure-House,' in spite of realistic incidents and dramatic posturing, does not appeal to one except through curiosity. If art, as the author alleges in a preface, is exaggeration, the book is a great work of art.

SOME CLERICAL SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems. By T. Edwin Brown, D.D. D. Appleton & Co. 1886. Pp. 273.

Our Country: Its Possible Future and its Present Crisis. By Rev. Josiah Strong, with an Introduction by Prof. Austin Phelps. Published by the American Home Missionary Society. 1885. Pp. 229.

SCHILLER confessed to Goethe that too often his imagination interfered with his logic, while, on the other hand, his poetry not infrequently suffered from the untimely intrusion of the philosophical spirit. In a similar way fares it, in our judgment, with the political economy and th preaching of this book of Dr. Brown's. The contention of it all is, in fact, that correct economic teaching includes a certain amount of moral and religious teaching. One can understand how so many have come to hold this view, but why they so persistently misapprehend the position of those who do not, why they so hysterically cry out against those who do not, is something of a puzzle. Dr. Brown takes his turn at belaboring Ricardo's "iron" law of wages, and quotes Prof. Sumner's saying, "Science is colorless and impersonal," only to exclaim, in tones almost as shrill as Carlyle's own, "God have mercy upon us if that is so!" The method of reasoning which discovers the frightful inhumanity of the economists, would produce curious results if applied elsewhere. It would convict a physician of a reckless disregard of life who should make the statement that cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison, unless he, in the same breath, were to add that the laws regulating the sale of poisons ought to be very stringent, and were to give a full list of all known antidotes. What political economy says is, not that merciless competition and pure self-interest must infallibly rule in the industrial world, much less that they ought to rule, but simply that, if they do rule, certain results will follow. There is nothing "remorseless" about that, except the way the conclusion follows from the premises.

These 'Studies' certainly deserve the name. They evince more research and deliberation than perhaps any of the series, now grown extensive, of clerical contributions to the discussion of modern Socialism. If Dr. Brown appears to have given more attention to the periodical than to the permanent literature of his subject, to have read more tracts than treatises, this, clearly, does not disqualify him for dealing with the later and more fugitive manifestations of the Socialistic spirit. Perhaps the chief value of his book will be found in the singularly clear interpretation he gives to the demands and hopes of existing Socialism. He sketches the history of its rise and progress, gives a patient hearing to its complaints and proposals, justifying, in part, the one and unequivocally condemning the other, discusses trades-unions, gives some sound advice to the Knights of Labor, endorses coöperation while not apparently expecting great things from it, and closes with three sermons on The Responsibilities of Wealth, Personal Morality as an Industrial Force, and The Church and the Workingman. A valuable bibliography is appended, together with a good index.

It is not pleasant to believe that so good and painstaking a book almost entirely fails in its main purpose. Dr. Brown wrote, as he tells us in his preface, to show the grounds of his "deepening conviction that true economic principle and right economic action are intimately related to Christian morality." It is not uncharitable to say that he has not succeeded. He gives us the results of much careful study. He counsels workingmen in a wise and honest manner. He faithfully exhorts the rich. Yet he does not really emerge from an atmosphere of vague Christian sentiment. He does not show any real, positive, scientific relation between Christian morality and true economic principle. Doubtless he has done the best possible. The pulpit, under existing conditions, cannot do more. It must be indefinite and neutral on practical questions upon which men are taking sides. This is curiously illustrated on page 12 of Dr. Brown's book, where he gives his hearers the choice of regarding the doctrine of protection as either the "highest political wisdom" or "the maddest reach of economic folly." The pulpit could not say what was its own opinion on that subject—at least, not in Providence.

Dr. Strong (he is a Doctor now) appears to have written his book on the theory which, in politics, has been called by Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., the theory of "everlasting crisis." It is true that he uses the adjective "present" in his sub-title, but Prof. Phelps, in the introduction, assures us that this matter is no novelty, since "the present hour is, and always has been," the crisis; and Dr. Strong himself, on page 144, adjourns the crack of doom to an indefinite future when, among other signs, Cincinnati shall have become a Chicago, Chicago a New York, and New York a London. Recent physiological study reveals a nervous process called inhibition, where stimulation of a nerve, instead of inducing action, prevents action. A similar effect is often a direct result of attempts like that of this book to startle into high activity by a lurid picture of impending evil. Paralysis follows, not stimulus. Men infer, even without being instructed by Prof. Phelps, that the "case is hopeless" aside from "the eternal decrees of God."

Dr. Strong's book is a Home Missionary address raised to the *n*th power. For him the statistics of the Tenth Census are the most brilliant figures of rhetoric. He toys with comparisons, graphic exhibits, proportions and percentages, and sports with ratios and relative gains, tables and diagrams. Some of his figures have been sharply questioned in the religious press, as, for example, his estimate of the Catholic and of the foreign-born population. We cannot wonder, certainly, if those masters of religious statistics who have been proving the present prosperity and bright prospects of the Church should feel somewhat surprised to find him accepting all their data, only to say (p. 216), "We have only to continue making the same kind of progress long enough, and our destruction is sure." This book is written in the interests of Home Missions. It goes on the theory of the speedy predominance of the West, and calls for largely increased gifts to the Home Missionary Societies in order that the West may be held for the Church. The author does not allude, however, to the fact that one-half the men and one-third the money of the societies are used east of the Mississippi. It also seems inconsistent with his strenuous appeal for the West, with his apparent willingness, at times, almost to abandon all work elsewhere for the sake of securing the West, to find him demanding that the missionary force in the great cities should immediately be increased ten or twenty fold. Obviously his closing chapter, taken up with exhortations to enlarged liberality, is the logical outcome of the whole. After reading his emphatic declaration (p. 185), "To make any other use of money than the best is a maladministration of trust," it excites some wonder that he has not a word to say of the shameful and inexcusable waste of missionary funds in denominational rivalry—a waste to which members of his own denomination have applied far stronger adjectives than those we have just used.

Moroz Krasny Nos: Red-nosed Frost. Translated in the original meters from the Russian of N. A. Nekrasov. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886. 12mo, pp. 120.

IN his interesting book, 'Le Roman Russe,' which treats of many subjects far more important than those suggested by the title, the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé has shown us why the efflorescence of Russian poetry was of such brief duration. Not, indeed, in any single sentence or paragraph, but in the impression which we receive from his whole book, has he explained how the poem was replaced by the naturalistic novel. Two great romantic poets arose, Pushkin and Lermontoff, great in a world-wide sense, and not in a restricted Russian one; a few minor poets, Maikoff, Tutcheff, and especially Koltsoff and Nikitin, all sweet and touching; Count Alexis Tolstoi, who almost rises to the rank of a great poet;

"The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"

—for in that noble, rich, and beautiful language nearly every man of literary culture was a versifier—and Nekrasoff. It seems almost necessary to put Nekrasoff in a niche apart; not that, as a poet, he was so greatly superior to the rest, but he used verse—partly from innate feeling, partly because, owing to the censorship and the conditions of literature in Russia at that time, he could speak more strongly and vividly in verse than in prose—in much the same way that the great novelists used prose: to express his ideas about the state of his country, and especially to picture the condition of the peasants. The works of modern Russian poets are like a gallery of landscape paintings; the poems of Nekrasoff are full of figures relieved by the sad and pathetic background of Russian scenery. What distinguished Turgeneff and Dostoyevsky distinguished also Nekrasoff—human sympathy; love and pity for the humble, for the people. For that reason the poems of Nekrasoff are household books in Russia, standing side by side with the tales of the great novelists, all well read, if not learned by heart, by people who still feel the need of leaders for their minds and souls. A great poet Nekrasoff was not; but he was in accord with the spirit of his age—"the forties," as in Russia they call the period from 1840 on, which was so important for Russian thought; and he had the merit of novelty of form. But even in this latter respect he was not a great lyric artist. The Russian language is so rich, so supple, and in certain respects so vague, that it easily accepts any form. Nekrasoff, however, had roughness and forced expressions that remind us at times of Robert Browning, with whom even in other respects he could be compared.

But the vagueness and at the same time the conciseness of the Russian language, as well as its variety of rhyme and ending, make Russian verse very hard to translate into verse, though English and German lend themselves better to this than most tongues. For some of Nekrasoff's poetry English prose seems almost better than verse. Even in a complicated stanza the Russian is straightforward, while the English has to have recourse to paraphrases and inversions. Open the book at random; here is the literal Russian:

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"Three heavy lots had fate, and the first lot is to marry a slave; the second, to be mother of a slave son; and the third, to obey a slave to the tomb. All these terrible lots have been laid on the woman of the Russian land." This is simple and direct, but to meet the requirements of the original metre, which in English seems unsuitable to the subject, it is thus rendered:

"Three grievous allotments had Fortune decreed:
Allotment the first, with a slave man to marry;
The second, a mother to be to his seed;
The third, until death his hard yoke to carry.
And all these allotments so grievous did lie
On woman 'neath Russia's broad sky."

Perhaps we are hypercritical or have chosen badly, for there are other passages which could hardly be improved. Nevertheless, the translation, read as a whole, in spite of great excellences, leaves a very different impression from the original. And what avails verbal literalness or exactness of metre if the real truth—the impression on the feelings—which the words and the metre of the original tried to sharpen and define, is not only blunted, but changed to something other? Compare this with, for instance, Symonds's translations from Poliziano, and our meaning is obvious. Symonds knows Italy so well that, though his translations are not perfect, he has caught the indefinable spirit, and in reading them we feel that we are in Italy and not in England. And this indefinable spirit of the Russian landscape and folk seems to us to have evaporated from this daintily printed translation of Nekrasoff. Nevertheless, there is so much that is good that we would urge the anonymous translator to try his hand at Nikitin or Tolstoi, or some of the contemporary poets.

Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Extracted from his Letters and Diaries, with Reminiscences of his Conversation. By his Friend Christopher Carr, of the same College. Henry Holt & Co. 1886.

NOTWITHSTANDING the matter-of-fact appearance of various details, and the attempt throughout to give an appearance of reality to Arthur Hamilton, B.A., we have a grave suspicion that he was not a real person, and that the person most like his ideal presentment is his pseudonymous biographer. The definiteness of certain dates, and the frankness with which some of Arthur's utterances are praised, are devices too transparent to prevent our seeing the author through the subject of his sketch. The object of the book is stated in the "Dedication" with all possible clearness, but it is probable that the dedication was written after the completion of the book; and as the sermon written before the text is chosen has often little connection with it—it was said of a Boston minister that if his text had the smallpox his sermon wouldn't catch it—so here there is very little connection between the object set forth in the dedication and the following pages.

The avowed object is to contribute something to a settlement of the division often existing at the English universities between the regular standards of belief and worship and the opinions of individuals. This Mr. Carr proposes to do by depicting the career of a person for whom "no one," he thinks, "can fail to have the profoundest sympathy." On the contrary, we do not imagine that the average British Philistine will have any sympathy with him whatever. He will consider him a "crank," if he has yet adopted this convenient verbal form. In Mr. Carr's book there is hardly a suggestion of the intellectual and moral difficulties which result in dissidence from the traditional standards. Arthur Hamilton is not a typical person. He is *sui generis*. He is no agnostic, and he has no liking for agnostics or their ways. There are only two or three pages in the book in which the problems of the Church take any visible form. These deal with "grace," "the resurrection of the body," and "the Holy Spirit" in a very high and mighty fashion. Grace is influence, the resurrection of the body is the indestructibility of matter, the Holy Spirit is aspiration!

A secondary object of the book—to exhibit a character moulded by a philosophy of determinism—is as little carried out as its primary object. It does not generally appear how the deterministic view determines the man's action. Apparently his determinism is a stern-light, illumining only his wake. It helps him to acquiescence in the event already happened. His belief in special providence is much stronger than that of the average churchman. When he is about to kill himself with prussic acid, he finds the phial that he has carried broken, and he desists from suicide.

A third object of the writer is evidently to enter a plea for reflective as opposed to *effective* character, and this object is made good. But the value of the book does not consist in this discrimination and defence. It consists in its portrayal of an exceptional character, which unites with much singularity and absurdity many admirable traits. It further consists in many charming bits of natural scenery, in many pungent sayings, and in many suggestive hints. The book, taken as a whole, is singularly formless and inconsequent, but in its desultory and excursive manner there is interest and charm. Some of its observations on moral, and educational, and social problems are remarkably provocative of meditation. The dissidence of the author from conventional moral precepts and ideals is much more characteristic than his dissidence from theological opinions, and there is a great deal of homely sense in some of his most startling phrases.

A few examples of his manner will bring this notice to a fit conclusion. Objecting to people who "always speak their mind about a thing," he writes, quoting from Arthur Hamilton: "The art of life consists in knowing exactly what to keep out of sight at any given moment, and what to produce—when to play hearts and diamonds, ugly clubs, or flat spades; and you must remember that every suit is trumps in turn." Contending that the line which you must take is not what you *feel* to be highest, but what you *recognize* to be so, he quotes: "You can't always expect to feel enthusiasm for the best; so be true not to your sensations, but your deliberate ideals. That is the highest sincerity—all the higher because it is so often called hypocrisy." His determinism nowhere expresses itself more genially than in the following words: "I often feel, when straining after happiness, just like the child who, anxious to get home, pushes against the side of the railway carriage which is carrying him so smoothly and serenely to the haven where he would be, while all he effects is a temporary disarrangement of particles."

Cent Ans de République aux États-Unis. Par M. le Duc de Noailles. Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern.

WE took up this book with the feeling that an individual bearing such an exceedingly aristocratic and historical title would hardly have much enthusiasm to expend upon a great democracy, and we found this impression fully confirmed. The commentators upon the institutions of the United States may be divided into two classes, those who hold that their unquestioned material success has occurred *because* of democracy, and those who hold that it is *in spite of* democracy; while the same dividing line separates those who regard the serious defects which are manifesting themselves, and are of such threatening import for the future, as the natural results of democracy, on the one hand, and of the fact, on the other, that the will and intelligence of the people are defeated and set at naught. Both agree, however, in attributing to the men of the Philadelphia Convention a degree of wisdom and insight amounting almost to inspiration. If the republic holds its own for another hundred years, the reputation of those men, and especially of their leaders, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, etc., will have reached a degree of resplendence such as in ancient Greece would have been expressed by deification, or in the Roman Church by canonization in the first rank. The prime object of the book before us seems to be to show that the principles on which government in the United States is ostensibly based—sovereignty of the people, equal and universal suffrage, delegation of powers, and rule of the majority—are nonsense; that, owing to natural conditions and to certain conservative traditions inherited from colonial times, and carefully enforced by the "constituents," who had little faith in people for whose reign they were preparing, water has for a time been made to run up hill, but that there are abundant signs that gravitation is again resuming its sway. Considering that the writer admits that he has never lived in or visited the country, the work is not badly done, and is very readable. Here is a characteristic sentence from the preface:

"Could he (De Tocqueville) foresee that, after a fratricidal struggle of four years, the most formidable war of modern times, the slaves, suddenly set free by a stroke of the pen and then invested with the plenitude of civil and political rights, would oppress the white race in the conquered South, so that 'America should be governed by Ethiopia'?"

On one page the Duke says that "the Old World has poured and continues to pour into the New an enormous contingent of human forces, which it has cost the latter nothing to produce;" and on another: "The judicious sense of the Anglo-Saxon race is submerged in part by the flood of German and Irish emigration, and in part by the rising tide of social and political demoralization." He adds that, notwithstanding the abundant means of subsistence, "pauperism is making frightful progress; and the claims of labor, accompanied by the same violence as in the Old World, have rendered necessary the same armed repression."

It is a compliment to the book to say that we should like to analyze each chapter in detail, but we can take only that on "The Limits of Legislative Power." In this chapter, perhaps the most forcible in the book, M. de Noailles dwells upon the danger of legislative usurpation. He points out that legislation reaches into every department of social and political life; that both the executive and the judiciary are and can be only its instruments; and, in a passage which seems as if written to describe the recent session of Congress, he says:

"And then, what a suspicious distrust in the Legislature with regard to the other depositaries of public power! Unless these resign themselves to a servile docility, the chosen of the nation imagine themselves insulted. The least impulse of opposition, the least sign of independence, irritates and wounds them; the use, even the most correct, which another organ of the Government dares to make of its least questionable right, is denounced by them to the general indignation as a violation of their privileges and an outrage of their dignity."

"In reading the discourses pronounced in the Convention at Philadelphia, the writings of the time, and the works of the most celebrated commentators, it is striking to see how much the fear of legislative encroachments preoccupied the minds of members."

The Duke quotes Madison in the *Federalist*, that "it is against the Legislature that the people, manifesting a well-grounded distrust, should exhaust the arsenal of political precautions." Not

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only Madison, Hamilton, and Jay in the *Federalist*, but Kent and Story in their commentaries, developed this fear. Not only men of the school of Hamilton, John Adams, and Washington, but the most fervent apostles of popular sovereignty, the most determined partisans of the republic, held no other language. He then goes over the restrictions provided against this danger, and shows that the limitation of powers has been almost wholly neutralized by the "necessary and proper" clause. He dwells upon the President's veto and the two-thirds vote necessary to overcome it. He regards the two-chamber system as a safeguard in the same direction, and, like most foreign observers, is inclined to value the Senate very highly from its limited numbers and mode of election, not being aware that in respect of usurpation the Senate is as bad as or worse than the House. Perceiving that between two chambers without any leaders deadlocks are inevitable, he is inclined to admire the expedient of committees of conference, not being aware, again, that, of all the dangers which threaten the country, these secret committees of conference form perhaps the worst. In fact, M. de Noailles does not at all understand how strong his case is: that all expedients directed against the danger so much dreaded by the founders of the republic have failed, and that in the general Government, and in a far worse degree in the States, it has developed into a monster between which and free popular government there is a duel to the death.

What, then, is to be done? M. de Noailles remarks that the Ministers, or, as we call them, the Cabinet, do not appear in Congress, and that the theory of this is that it keeps the legislative and executive powers separate. But he says that they have frequent interviews with the standing committees, and if these parliaments on a small scale cannot change the Ministers, they have only too great means of annulling or corrupting them. Further on he says: "Despairing of improving the Legislature, which yet must be maintained, some publicists wish to introduce responsible Ministers, who would have the duty of enlightening, directing, and controlling the incapacities, the passions, and the corruptions of the body." He doubts, however, whether the result would be gained:

"Would the majority of the Representatives be contented with the legitimate control which belongs to it, and leave to the Ministers possessing its confidence the initiative necessary for governing? Or, on the other hand, would not the Cabinet be merely the passive instrument of the will of the majority, more than ever master of the executive placed in its hands? The reform would then end in grafting ministerial instability upon republican fickleness."

Here comes in the difference of fundamental view. The author regards the people as nothing, we as everything; and we cannot doubt that some way will be devised of bringing the will of the people to bear on its representatives.

Bibliographie Hellénique; ou description raisonnée des ouvrages publiés en grec par des grecs aux XVe et XVIe siècles. Par Émile Legrand. 2 vols., large 8vo. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

THIS admirable book, one of the most brilliant achievements of bibliography in modern times, can only be appreciated as it deserves by those who have had occasion to use the similar works hitherto published in Germany and in Greece. The best of the latter is the 'Νεοελληνικὴ Φιλολογία' by Papadopoulos-Vretos, issued at Athens in 1854-57, and purporting to be a complete catalogue of the Greek books printed from 1453 to the revival of independent Greece. Now, for a space of a hundred and twenty-four years, 1467-1600, Vretos gives the titles of, or rather mentions, seventy-four books; M. Legrand, in the same space of time, catalogues about three hundred works. But the number of the citations is no criterion of their quality. Vretos saw but very few of the books he mentions; the titles he gives are mostly inaccurate, indeed, nothing better than arbitrary translations of the Latin titles which he found in Brunet's 'Manuel du Libraire.' Moreover, being a very poor critic, Vretos often mistook one date for another, mentioned works which never existed, etc. M. Legrand's method is a quite different one. As often as he possibly could do so, he hunted up and examined with his own eyes the very rare books printed in Greece during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Any one who has devoted any time to a search of that kind, knows what labor and difficulties it involves. Not only are the titles reprinted *in extenso*, sometimes even in facsimile, but the prefaces and other introductory notices have been faithfully reproduced. Such an immense task would hardly have been achievable if M. Legrand had not benefited by the generosity of a learned Greek, Prince Mavrocordatos, who possesses one of the richest collections of Greek works in existence, and liberally put his treasures at the disposal of the French scholar. But more than that, when the manuscript was finished, no editor cared about printing it, Greek bibliography not pretending to be a very salable kind of literary matter. Prince Mavrocordatos, nothing daunted by this unexpected obstacle, charged himself with the truly enormous expense of printing the 'Bibliographie Hellénique,' which is not only a masterpiece of bibliography, but a typographical marvel. We can only express the regret that such a book, which no student of modern literature should be deprived of, and which has completely renovated our knowledge concerning the revival of Greek scholarship in Europe, must very soon be out of print and inaccessible to many philologists, as only three hundred and twenty-five copies of it have been printed, about a hundred of which were given away and not put in sale. But we know that M. Legrand has already in store a large number of *addenda* and *corrigenda* to his great work, and we hope that a second edition will be issued on such conditions as to enable every learned Grecist to secure a copy of it.

We should give an insufficient idea of the 'Bibliographie Hellénique' if we described it as a mere catalogue; it is a catalogue, an admirable catalogue, but it is a great deal more, and the title of the work does not do it full justice. M. Legrand has not mentioned one Greek writer without giving his biography, often accompanied by inedited documents, such as letters and various pieces, which throw new light on the abilities and exertions of the Greek refugees after the fall of Constantinople. All the ancient biographical essays on Chrysoloras, Gaza, Chalcondyles, Musurus, and many others may now be put aside as antiquated, and Boerner's 'De doctis hominibus græcis' may share the fate of Vretos's 'Φιλολογία'. M. Legrand knows more about the Greek scholars of the Renaissance than any of their Italian pupils ever cared to learn; his insatiable curiosity has restored life and reality to those curious representatives of Greek spirit which played so important a part in the revival of literature and scholarship. There is more accurate knowledge and useful matter in ten pages of M. Legrand's Introduction than in the two volumes which the once celebrated Villemain devoted to Lascaris. The age of fine phrases and literary novels has come to an end; M. Legrand's work, *primus inter pares*, shows how the problems of literary history must now be treated in accordance with the rules of sound criticism and the severe requirements of bibliographical accuracy.

A Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms, etc. By James Legge, M.A., LL.D., etc. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1886.

WITH a considerable flourish of trumpets, Dr. Legge has brought before us his new translation of Fa-hien's travels. We hardly need remind our readers that so far back as A. D. 1836 M. Rémusat and others first issued a translation of this book, and that during many years their translation "held the field." M. Julien, in 1852, had hinted in his preface to the translation of the 'Si-yu-ki' that Rémusat's translation was not altogether trustworthy, and this was found to be the case. Accordingly, in 1869, Mr. Beal published his 'Travels of Fah-hien,' in which he corrected many of Rémusat's errors, and added notes to the text in elucidation of Buddhist terminology. This translation, although generally accepted as an advance on the preceding version, was severely criticised by some young students in China, who thought themselves competent for the task in virtue of their having a relay of native teachers at their side to direct them in their study of the text. Undoubtedly many of their strictures were well-grounded, and, had it not been for the animus exhibited, would have taken their right place in the advanced study of the work in question. But it was too plain that both Mr. Giles and his associate were bent on the extinction of Mr. Beal's character as a Sinologue, more than on any wish to elucidate the text of Fa-hien. And so matters rested until the publication of the 'Records of the Western World,' one of Trübner's "Oriental Series," in 1884. In the introduction to this work, which is a translation of the 'Travels of Hiuen Tsiang,' Mr. Beal affords a revised translation of Fa-hien and Sung-yun. These translations embody the result of many years' study of Buddhist phraseology, and also of the system of Buddhist belief.

Dr. Legge now comes forward with his new version, framed on the Corean text of the Chinese original, which is undoubtedly an independent authority, and so far most useful for critical purposes. With regard to the translation itself, we can only say it has not advanced our knowledge of Buddhism. Dr. Legge is well known as a sound Chinese scholar, and therefore we will take no exception to the improvements and variations of his English version. But this is not the point. We wanted something more in elucidation of the spirit of the religion that led Fa-hien and others like him to brave the difficulties of their foreign travels, and risk their lives in prosecuting them. If the Buddhist religious system be altogether so frivolous as Dr. Legge seems to think, having no belief in "God, or the soul, or prayer, or worship," we want to know what was the exciting and supporting influence that carried these Buddhist pilgrims through their perils. Undoubtedly they believed in Buddha as a real savior. They recognized his goodness and purity, and they embraced his offers of deliverance from pain and troubles, on the conditions of discipleship and self-renunciation. There is a tone of depreciation (with the usual sentiment of pity for these "poor heathen") that disfigures Dr. Legge's book. He cannot rise to the belief that Buddhism, as a system, was preparatory to a higher and better revelation; that it cleared the way for the introduction of nobler truth; that in its place it "fulfilled itself," and would have been, if rightly understood, a vehicle for the introduction of Christianity throughout the East. Whether it may not yet be so in China and Japan, depends on the way in which the phenomenon of the Buddhist religion is treated by the thoughtful portion of Christendom. Our missionaries will have to alter their views, at any rate, before any healthy line of action in this direction can be expected.

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Voyages of a Merchant Navigator of the Days that are Past. Compiled from the Journals and Letters of the late Richard J. Cleveland. By H. W. S. Cleveland. Harper & Bros. 1886.

Of the Salem sea-captains who first made our shipping known to the world, Capt. Richard Cleveland was the hero of some of the most remarkable and adventurous voyages. His father, who, it is interesting to know, was the brother of the Connecticut minister from whom the President is descended, was the first to unfurl our flag on a Government ship in a European port; and his son, whose biography is a broad view of American commerce in its first period, unfurled it in all parts of the world. He himself wrote a long 'Narrative' of his voyages, in an admirably plain and intelligent style, published over forty years ago; and the present volume, although drawn from letters and journals, is yet, in effect, an abridgment of the earlier work. He got his education in the counting-room, and started out to make his fortune before he was a man in years. He was daring, acute, ready with resources, prompt in action, long-enduring; and, either alone or in company with the still-remembered Algerian Consul, William Shaler, upon the Alaska Fur-Coast, in the East India seas, or among the California missions, or manœuvring between French and English in the Danish straits, or defying Spanish governors in the Chilian ports, or being plundered by Admiral Cochrane in the West Indies, or confiscated by Napoleon in the bay of Naples, he succeeded in making half-a-dozen fortunes, and also in losing them. After one of these expeditions George Cabot said to him, "You have cut a good deal of hay, but you have got it in very badly"; and the words might have been his epitaph, for he died poor, except for his sons.

His letters show that Capt. Cleveland's character grew merely by the enlargement of experience. He owed little to books, though he was an industrious reader, and came to a certain intellectual command and power unusual in a man of mercantile pursuits, with a tendency to philosophizing in a leisurely eighteenth-century way. One sentence, written in 1810, is an interesting example of the times, and also a piece of the man himself:

"My dear boys must early become accustomed to hardships. They have a prospect of living in turbulent times, when the civil must be subservient to the military authority, when the only right that is acknowledged will be that of power; and consequently they must, by the improvement of their talents and early acquaintance with danger, become masters, or, by neglect of them and a retired life, submit to be slaves. I have ordered a copy of the 'Travels of Count Beniowski' and of Plutarch. These ought to be their study till they have them by heart; and if afterwards they should die at sixty of disappointment, I'll disown them."

We suspect that Capt. Cleveland was himself nurtured on old Plutarch, from some of his boyhood letters. His interest in his boys' education had good results in establishing the Lancaster Academy, for whose first principal he selected Jared Sparks, afterwards succeeded by George B. Emerson and Solomon P. Miles. He died, full of days, at the opening of the civil war; and, if less blessed with wealth and honors than some of his early associates, it was by fortune's caprice.

The Story of Norway. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

The author states in his preface that it has been his ambition for many years to write a history of Norway, and that he therefore eagerly accepted the proposal to write the volume upon his native country for the series entitled "The Story of the Nations." He explains, however, that the "story," according to the plan of the publishers, was to differ in some important respects from a regular history. "It was to dwell particularly upon the dramatic phases of historical events, and concern itself but slightly with the growth of institutions and sociological phenomena. It therefore necessarily takes small account of proportion." The *history* of Norway, for English readers, has yet to be written, and it can never be properly written within the compass of this volume. Indeed, it has been a difficult task to tell the so-called "story" of the country in a 12mo volume of 556 pages; and the narrative of the thirty-five successive rulers of the land from 860 to the time of Queen Margaret and the Union of Calmar, 1397, occupying more than four-sevenths of the volume, proceeds perforce with such rapidity that the reader has the confused impression of having witnessed a swift-moving panorama of continuous barbaric warfare. It is not made manifest that, in spite of the constant civil strife and public warring, there was a slow but sure social development, so that one is surprised at a hint that society was not in just the same crude state at the end of the 500 years of fighting that it was at the beginning.

The 400 years of Norway's union with Denmark, following the Treaty of Calmar, are very properly allowed but three brief chapters, for, as the author well says, "Many things happened, no doubt, during those centuries, but 'there were few deeds'"; but the interesting final chapter, containing the history of Norway since 1814, might with advantage have been allotted more space than barely eighteen pages of text. In the first three chapters, dealing with the origin of the Norsemen, their religion, and their viking voyages, what is quoted as legend and what is meant to be stated as historical truth is not always distinguished; and the author might have added to his collection of reference books Steenstrup's 'Normannerne' ('The Northmen') for consultation, when writing the third chapter dealing with the Viking Age. In the chapter which relates the discovery of America by the Norsemen, exception may be taken to the passage on p. 180 which reads: "The statement that the sun rose in this region, on the shortest day of the year, at half-past seven and set at half-past four, indicates a latitude of 41° 24′ 10″; Leif, accordingly, must have landed somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod or Fall River, Mass." The theory that the "Vinland" of the Norsemen was situated near Fall River, depends entirely upon the supposition that the latitude deduced from the statement as to the length of the shortest day corresponds to the position of the modern city; but it has been pointed out that the computation which indicated the result quoted (published in English by Prof. Rafn), was incorrect, and that the true latitude of the shortest winter day of nine hours, in the *eleventh century* (the time of the Norsemen's arrival) would be 42° 21′; while Prof. Gustav Storm, of the University of Christiania, with the aid of the Norwegian astronomer, Hans Geelmuyden, demonstrates conclusively (*Arkiv for nordisk Filologi*, November, 1885) that the evidence as to the time of sunset on the shortest winter day, contained in the sagas, is not sufficient to indicate the exact latitude, the only deduction tenable being that the location was not further *north* than 49° 55′.

Prof. Boyesen's manner of writing is at once dignified and entertaining, and he has produced a valuable and interesting book, which deserves to find a host of readers, old and young. The publishers have taken great pains to make it attractive; the paper is excellent, the typography (excepting the proof-reading) is good, and there are more than seventy illustrations, including an excellent likeness of the poet Björnson.

Oranges and Alligators: Sketches of South Florida Life. By Iza Duffus Hardy. London: Ward & Downey. 1886. Pp. viii, 240. 8vo.

It is high but deserved praise to say of this book that it is as good in its way as Lady Barker's 'Station Life in New Zealand.' There is naturally far less of the alligator in it than of the orange, but any lack of information as to the habits of the saurian or the methods of hunting it, is amply made up by the clear idea which Miss Hardy gives of the orange culture, from the selection of the wild land for the grove to the packing of the fruit. In writing she has especially in mind those of her countrymen who contemplate settling in Florida, and her advice to them is summed up in these words: "Florida for young men without money means steady hard work or dead failure. . . . You must be ready to take up anything that comes to your hand, an axe, a pitchfork, or even a broom!" Of the ultimate success of the man who is not afraid of hard labor and scanty fare, she is confident, even though she witnessed the ravages of the cold wave last January, when the lemons, bananas, grape-fruit, citrons, and guavas were destroyed, and "the oranges were frozen stiff on the trees." The greater part of the winter was spent at Lake Maitland in Orange-County, but excursions were made to Rock Ledge on the Indian River, near the headwaters of the St. John's and close to the Atlantic, and to Tarpon Springs near Tampa, on the Gulf Coast. Both of these were new settlements, and her description of them and the journey to them gives a most vivid picture of the present condition and prospects of Southern Florida. At Rock Ledge she found that the oranges, said to be the finest in Florida, had suffered but little from the cold, and were so plentiful that at the hotel "every morning a bough freshly gathered from the grove, with the glossy leaves and golden fruit growing on it, was laid by our plates." There are also scattered through the book graphic sketches of the negroes, "crackers," and young English fortune-seekers, as well as charming descriptions of the scenery.

Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison, Wife of James Madison, President of the United States. Edited by her grandniece. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

"Queen Dolly," as Mrs. Madison came to be pleasantly named (it was at the ball on the establishment of peace that Sir Charles Bagot said she looked "every inch a queen"), was more truly a belle than any other woman who has presided over the gayeties of the White House. She was born of very sober parents, and was a demure little Quaker girl, with a small bag of old-fashioned jewelry, given her by a less austere grandmother, tucked away under her dress about her neck. From her grief when the string broke and she lost her treasure in the woods, a modern analyst might prophesy her future. From her Virginia home she removed to Philadelphia, and, her father failing in business and in health, she dutifully married a friend of his and at the same time a fortune; the husband soon died, and left her to be the wealthy bride of the confirmed bachelor, James Madison. In consequence of this union she was practically the lady of the White House in Jefferson's day as well as during her husband's term, and afterwards she was a great figure in Virginia society, and still later, in her widowhood, at Washington.

These facts are told in this small volume, and they are made alive and contemporary by many letters, which exhibit—in rather dull colors, it is true (but the epistolary style of those days was grave)—something of society at the period, but also a simple womanly nature, interested in a woman's affairs, bright, cheerful, domestic, faith-

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ful to her duties, loyal and affectionate and considerate, in society very intent on pleasing others, and an enemy only to quarrelling and unsocial gravity—an entirely honorable, attractive, and capable character from girlhood to her last hours.

The most exciting incident is the taking of Washington by the British, which is graphically told. Few historical personages come into the canvas. Count d'Orsay, who makes a hunting excursion in Virginia — "would borrow Payne's [her son's] summer clothes, and go forth, returning as ragged as bushes and mires could make him, rest for several days and then off again, tumbling into the river, losing his way, and yet come home laughing at his adventures." Old Mrs. Madison, keeping her state in her own part of the rambling homestead, is a very delightful old portrait-like character, with her Bible and knitting and her gifts of stockings to the favored guests, and the old negro of ninety wagging to sleep behind her chair at dinner. Signs of social manners are contained in Mrs. Madison's remark upon the Fourth of July dinner at Montpelier in 1820, when ninety persons, of whom only four were ladies, sat down—"the dinner was profuse and good, and the company very orderly." Such was Virginian hospitality. "Jeffersonian simplicity," at least in banquets, is explained by a foreigner's remark that Mrs. Madison's table "was more like a harvest-home supper than the entertainment of a high official"; to which she replied, on hearing of it, that she did "not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant but more liberal fashion of Virginia." Later, in 1826, she thinks if she were in Washington she "could not conform to the formal rules of visiting they now have, but would disgrace myself by rushing about among my friends at all hours." Of Mr. Madison one sees very little; but his study, habits, and surroundings are pleasantly and fully sketched. The work has been well written, with taste, picturesqueness, and a love for the persons involved in the picture. Out of somewhat slight materials a very interesting book has been made; and the list of American women who survive in history is so brief that this biography of one of the leading public characters of her day, as well as of Virginia society in its noted time, is very welcome.

The Art Gallery of the English Language. By A. H. Morrison. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1886.

In the earlier pages of this volume the author remarks, in the course of an *excursus* upon the future life: "I hope and trust that we shall be able to recognize our work, and give account of it to the eternal progression of the cycles, which, though concentric, like the ripples in the clear surface of water, spread ever outward and onward from the point where self-conscience first struck the great ocean of infinite being." We are inclined to leave the author to settle for this particular work with that same "eternal progression of the cycles." It is a singular exercise in rhetoric, in verbosity; never was there such a posturing of words, and the author never shows his head above the puppets except in a pretentious way. He classifies literature as architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, in language, and cites examples of words that build, carve, paint, and flow melodiously. But why not also add that literature is dancing, jewel work, millinery, horsemanship, or any other art, and cite Wordsworth's daffodils, and some more of Edwin Arnold's India work, and a dozen pieces of *vers de société*, and Byron's "Mazeppa" to illustrate the assertion? His classification is a mere metaphor; his logical faculty itself swallowed up in the rhetorical sense. His acquaintance with literature is wide, if not discriminating; there is even a quotation from Percival!—and the extracts are frequently excellent reading. For the rest, we commend him to "the cycles," according to our first decision.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Accidents, and How to Save Life when they Occur, with a Complete Treatise on Poisons and their Antidotes. Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Adams, O. F. September. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Bacon's Dictionary of Boston. With an Historical Introduction by George E. Ellis, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Bartholomew, J. The Pocket Atlas of the World. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Bishop, P. P. The Psychologist. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Bolton, Sarah K. Stories from Life. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Church-Gilman. The Story of Carthage. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Crawford, Mrs. Lucy. The History of the White Mountains from the First Settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket. Portland: B. Thurston & Co. New Edition. $2.00.
Crowninshield, F. Mural Painting. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $3.00.
Culley, J. L. Treatise on the Theory of the Construction of Helicoidal Oblique Arches. D. Van Nostrand. 50 cents.
Dawson, Sir J. W. Handbook of Zoölogy. 3d ed., enlarged. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. $1.25.
Davitt, M. Leaves from a Prison Diary. Ford's National Library. 25 cents.
Doubleday, C. W. Reminiscences of the "Filibuster" War in Nicaragua. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Fawcett, E. A Gentleman of Leisure. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.
Ford, W. C. The American Citizen's Manual. 2 vols in 1. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Gréville, H. 'Zitka'; or, the Trials of Raïssa. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 75 cents.

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